AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

NEW ZEALAND $5.50*
JUNE 1985 • $3.40*

BOY GEORGE
AN INTERVIEW THAT NEVER DRAGS

THE ART OF WINNING WITH WALLABIES SUPERCOACH **ALAN JONES**

HOW TO ABUSE YOUR BODY AND STAY HEALTHY

VANITY
THE GIRL WHO ROCKED PRINCE SHOWS IT ALL

ARTFUL DODGER **PETER CLYNE** TELLS HOW HE WOULD RUN THE TAX OFFICE

WHY SOME AUSSIE MEN LOVE WAR

20 QUESTIONS: **GREG EVANS**

HOT TIPS TO BET SMART AND BEAT THE BOOKIES

Enjoy the flavour of the world's No.1

Marlboro

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PLAYBILL

Like it or not, June is the month when our thoughts turn to the tax man. Not the kindest of thoughts either. The end of the financial year is that time when a man has to worry about the really important things in life (such as how much money he will have left, after tax, to spend on women, drink and fast cars). And the tax man is just a natural spoilsport when it comes to things like that. Of course, it may be that the tax commissioner is a much misunderstood man. Australia's most notorious tax dodger, **Peter Clyne,** thinks so. And Clyne knows what he's talking about. The artful Austrian has led the tax commissioner on a Viennese waltz for 10 years and claims to have paid only 58 cents tax in all that time. Who better to tell Australians what is wrong with our system of taxation and how it should be put right? The art is by **Bruce Petty.**

It's very handy for interviewers when the reigning king and queen of pop are the same person. Boy George is easily the world's most popular bisexual. **David** and **Vicki Sheff** tracked him down to Tokyo for this month's interview and the result is one of the most outspoken and outrageous dialogues we've ever published. Who else could claim to be bigger than The Beatles... and mean it?

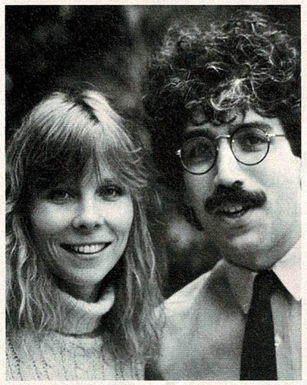
Alan Jones was the man who coined the phrase "Life wasn't meant to be easy" for Malcolm Fraser. While the words have followed the former prime minister like an albatross, Jones has gone on to win the hearts of all Australian sportsmen. Jones is the man who took the Wallabies to their historic grand slam in the 1984 rugby tour of Great Britain and has stayed on to attempt the crowning glory —victory over the All Blacks in the upcoming clash in New Zealand. **Ray Kershler** delivers a shrewd profile of Australia's latest supercoach. **Frants Kantor** supplied the art.

Remember the old saying, "You can never get too much of a good thing"? Unfortunately anyone who ever spent all night drinking, raging and womanising discovers it just isn't true. But you aren't going to give up drinking, raging and womanising, are you? No way. The solution, then, is to take care of yourself in such a way that the good life takes less of a toll. **Stuart Berger** offers some essential information to help you burn the candle at both ends and wake up smiling in the morning. *The Rat-Race Diet* is every playboy's survival kit — stick it to your fridge door now! Artist **Sandra Hendler**'s illustration will make sure you can't miss it.

The Thinking Man's Guide To Betting Smart teaches you how to beat the bookies by thinking like one. Our expert on turfmanship, **Harry Robinson,** explains how you can be a winner by betting on the runners-up. The art is by **Hector Gomez.**

Did you notice the sultry bombshell on the cover? Her name is Vanity, a lady who attracts attention by singing dirty songs on stage in her underwear. **Daniel Poulin** took the pictures. In addition to Vanity we've got **Michael Ancher**'s latest 18-year-old sweetheart, Catrina, scrumptious Kathy Shower, and our June Playmate, Elizabeth Aguilar, both captured by photographer **Kerry Morris**.

Add to that *20 Questions* with Greg Evans, **Rob Luck**'s test drive of the notorious DeLorean, shot by **Derek Goard,** our fashion spread on men's underwear shot, with the hearty co-operation of the Sydney Supersonics basketball team, by **Graham Monro**, fiction by **Morris Lurie**, all our usual columns on sex, booze, money, men and movies, plus this month's women column written by **Cynthia Heimel**, and you've got an issue that's busting out all over.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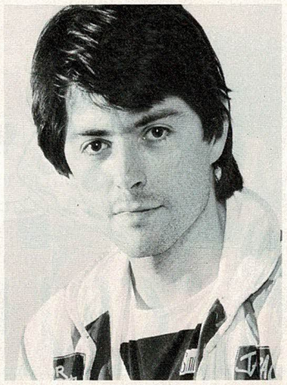
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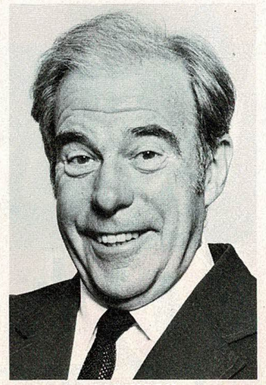
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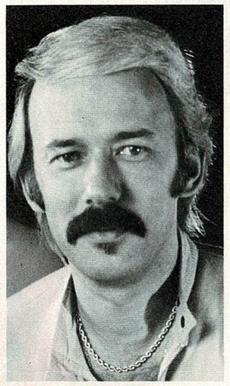
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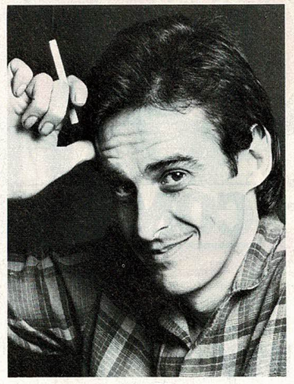
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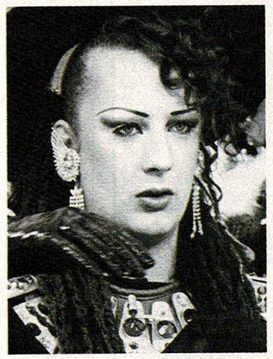

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JUNE 1985 • COVER: VANITY. PHOTO: DANIEL POULIN

Our latest model clearly outperforms

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Once she sees you she focuses in automatically, following your every move for up to 215 minutes. She's designed for one handed operation, with a 6X power zoom lens for perfectly clear detail, no matter how close you may be. Through-the-lens optical view finder lets her see what you're doing as you're doing it. Sanyo Betamovie, take her home and she's bound to perform for you. But that's life.

SANYO That's Life!

AUSTRALIAN
PLAYBOY

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DEAR PLAYBOY

Address your letters to Dear Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010.

FROM SIR WITH LOVE

I am writing in regard to your January centrefold, Lisa Maher. Okay, I confess schoolteachers these days have few rewards but for two years I was delighted to be "wrapped around luscious Lisa's little finger". And who could resist helping such a charming young lady with her practical work?

Congratulations, Lisa. Your talents have obviously matured and surpassed our expectations with such a beautiful Australian PLAYBOY spread. And congratulations to PLAYBOY for capturing so well some of the vibrant beauty that we schoolies often sense developing but rarely get to appreciate. I obviously must change gyms!

Here's a tip for you at PLAYBOY. Lisa has always enjoyed the limelight but cast an eye at her sister!

I. Marshall,
Mona Vale, NSW.

STAR WARS STYLE

Regarding *The Great Pine Gap Con-Job* (January PLAYBOY), it's hard to believe that Spartan and Sprint ABMs could be installed in Australia to guard "shared facilities" and that this could be concealed from public notice.

However, when examining Reagan's Star Wars strategy to militarise space at a cost of some hundreds of billions of dollars it doesn't seem all that far-fetched.

As a supporter of the anti-nuclear movement I am personally offended by the vast expenditure of public money on the arms race while millions of Africans are starving to death.

Peter Tuor,
Hunters Hill, NSW.

BIG FUTURE

After being a subscriber to that other men's magazine for many years, I can truly say that I have been converted to Australian PLAYBOY.

A friend showed me your December issue and, boy, what can I say except hasn't Roberta Vasquez got a big future ahead of her!

Your December issue was so good that I then bought January and thought all the pictorials were excellent, particularly Lisa Maher. You were also spot-on with the articles on Pine Gap and the McCartney interview.

Congratulations on a well-balanced magazine.

C. Flanders,
Rockhampton, Qld.

SOUTHERN BELLES

Thank you, Australian PLAYBOY, for your salute to The Girls Of Melbourne in the November issue. It's the best collection of girls I've seen for a long time. It makes me feel good to know they all live in Melbourne (too bad I'm married!). I'd like to see more such Melbourne beauties and I'm sure other Victorian readers would drink to that!

S.L.,
Kingsbury, Vic.

BUSH BABY

I've been living in the bush all my life (23 years) and I've yet to come across a girl as lovely and as well-endowed as Sarah who featured in your April issue.

I can only wish her every success with her career in the city but, oh boy, I wish she'd stayed in the bush. We need women like that out here!

Meanwhile, how about a peek at Sarah in the letters page?

R. Foster,
Oberon, NSW.

Sarah tells us she often yearns for the wide, open spaces of the Aussie countryside so, who knows, you may come across her one day! — Ed.

HOPPING MAD

Joe Bugner's article on Australian boxing (January) made me very mad. He refers to bits and pieces of amateur boxing he has seen on TV and about the conditions of some boxers wearing tape over their eyes. Bullshit, Joe Bugner! You have never seen any amateur boxer wearing tape over his eyes.

I was one of the referees he saw on TV at the State Titles in Gosford and there was no way we would let any boxer in the ring with such advantages. I always tell the seconds to remove the Vaseline from the boxers' faces. Vaseline is forbidden in amateur boxing rules and Bugner obviously knows very little about those rules.

It is the amateur boxers of Australia who make the professionals of tomorrow. Come on, Joe, put something back into boxing as it has given you a fabulous life.

Sean O'Malley,
Rockdale, NSW.

In regard to Joe Bugner's article, *How To Get The Boxing Kangaroo Off The Canvas*, I would like to inform him that if he had taken the time to check with the right authority, he would have learnt the following facts.

Before any person can act as a promoter, trainer or second, he must pass an examination to obtain a licence. Before a boxer can be registered, he must pass a medical test before he can be issued with a licence and a medical card (this applies to both professional and amateur boxers). If a boxer is KO'd, he is not allowed to box for one month; if he is KO'd again, he can't box for three months and if it happens a third time, he can't box for one year and then he is required to have a full medical before he can resume boxing. And the NSW Government has rules and regulations for the control of boxing in that state.

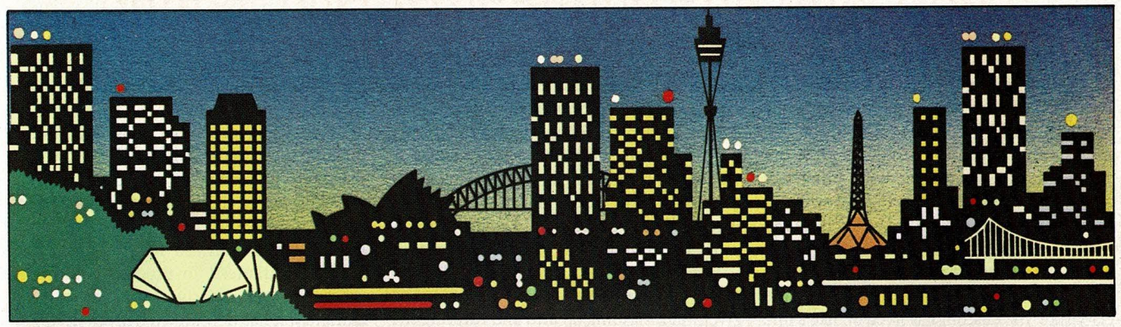
While Bugner's suggestions are commendable, he has gone into print without checking his facts.

Arthur Tunstall,
Amateur Boxing
Union of Australia,
Double Bay, NSW.

Joe Bugner replies: "I know what I saw and I don't have to apologise for that. I will apologise for any impression that my criticism was directed at amateur boxing or any one amateur boxing association in particular but I don't think that was the message in the article. The event I saw was on television and I have no way of knowing who the organisers were. My criticisms were directed at professional boxing in Australia and I stand by my original remarks that all the states should be answerable to a federal regulatory body to ensure efficient policing of professional boxing standards."

Write to us! Send your letter to us at the above address, and remember, we'll give preference to letters that keep it short and snappy. We'll give a 12-month subscription for each Dear Playboy letter we publish.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



HAPPY MOTORING

A young lady was admitted to a Sydney hospital over a recent weekend with an obstruction in her vagina. It was removed under anaesthetic and the doctor discovered it to be a large vulcanite ball with a hollow, threaded brass insert. He was totally perplexed how it had got there and the tearful patient wouldn't tell him.

It required the services of a motherly social worker to extract the full story. The young lady was in the habit of going for rides in her boyfriend's flash Falcon — twin carbies, four on the floor, go-faster stripes, the lot. When parked, and after emotions had run high and the windows had steamed up, it was her invariable practice to give her boyfriend what is delicately referred to in massage parlors of a better class as manual relief. When he was satisfied it was her turn.

Lowering her panties she would straddle the gear lever while her boyfriend revved the engine. The resultant vibration helped her get her rocks off in no time flat. Sadly, this constant misuse of the gear lever had led to the ball at the top working loose and, at the moment of climax, it had separated from the gear stick and become stuck. We are led to understand that her boyfriend has now traded in his vehicle for an automatic model.

FAIR GAME

Remember Glenn Shorrock? Who? Well, hang on, we're coming to that. It seems Glenn likes to play Trivial Pursuit and was having a game with friends recently when one of his opponents drew the card which poses this question: "Who is the former lead singer of The Little River Band?"

Glenn has since burned the card. It's hard indeed being yesterday's pop hero.

FINGERED

The scene was a Sydney teaching hospital. A gynaecological specialist was lecturing to a group of fourth-year medical students on the problems of "vaginismus". This is a rare condition where, during intercourse, the vagina cramps up, locking the penis semi-permanently into position. The normal procedure is for both parties to be taken to hospital together on a stretcher and anaesthesia used to unlock the loving, but extremely painful, embrace.

"But," said the specialist to the assembled students, "there is one action which if performed straight away eases the constriction. Does anyone know what that action is?"

A young student in the front row with sharp glasses and a piercing look said, "One inserts the forefinger firmly into the rectum."

"Quite right, my dear," said the specialist. "His, hers or yours?"

HOT WATER

We feel it is only fair to warn you of the dangers of urinating in the country. A young station manager in Manildra, NSW, was attending the call of nature in a neighbor's paddock recently when, as is traditional in Australia, he directed the stream towards the fence. Sadly, he did not realise the fence was electrified to keep straying animals in bounds.

The result? "My bollocks rattled for a week and I wasn't much good to the missus for nearly two months."

HARD NEWS

They don't write them like this any more.

Newspaper reporters in Australia, sadly, have their copy edited before a word appears in print. The same restrictions do not apply in The Philippines.

In the *Mindanao Mirror-Bulletin* there appeared under the byline of mild-mannered ace reporter Bert Tesorero the following:

"Lady Councillor Liding Bangoy pointed to the various beer houses in Davao City which maintain a harem of young female dancers who would flutter around erotically on amusement house stages, obscenely nude from head to foot, gyrating orgiastically before the bewildered eyes of their customers, tempting them with their bare tender loins that can make Sodom and Gomorrah squirm in their graves."

Now that's the way to report a council meeting.

HOT PANTS

At a recent Hong Kong Trade Fair a new invention unveiled seems guaranteed of a great future. Its publicity leaflet speaks for itself:

"Woo Yeon's vigor panties are exciting things new under the sun among men's briefs. The fantastical functions of them now make their debut on the world market, and assure they will create great sensation.

"The main functions are:

- Promotion of sperms by maintaining the temperature of seminal vesicle at 33°C.
- Prolongation of the time of sexual intercourse due to making the senses of glans dull by rubbing with the hemp cloth attached.

"This magic undergarment from Korea could revolutionise family life, and put a little magic into relationships gone stale through long familiarity."

There seems to be no useful comment we can make.

NEVER TOO LATE

One sprightly Japanese gent has just passed his driving test at the grand old age of 90.

The only problem is that Japanese authorities have banned Mr Arimoto from driving. He's too old.

FREE TIP

Each industry has its own set of acronyms. In the hotel and airline industry the magic phrase Free Of Charge is always referred to as FOC.

Recently, an Australian was promoted to senior financial director of a group of up-market hotels in Asia. One of his school friends, an airline manager in the Gulf, immediately sent a telex: "CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR APPOINTMENT, EXPECT FREE ACCOMMODATION CHAMPAGNE AND DANCING GIRLS ON NEXT VISIT. ED."

In return he received one of the shortest telexes in the history of the hospitality industry. "FOC OFF".

BOOZE

There's more to the art of toasting than clinking glasses and proposing good health.

A thousand years ago they did it with a drop of the doings in the skull of a vanquished foe. In 17th-century England, they did it whenever the mood took them, which was often. In prohibition America, they did it with bathtub gin and an air of illicit sleaze.

For centuries we have been toasting each other. Whether with a clink of glasses and a simple "cheers" or something more elaborate, the custom has lived on like a fine red.

Why people do it is hard to determine, but the sentiments contained in a few simple words make fascinating study. Toasts can be simple acts of drinking someone's health (a practice delighted in by the Greeks and Romans) or something more meaningful. The Romans showed the earliest toasting flair. A favorite, and cause of many a good Roman's downfall, was one in which all the letters of a girl's name were toasted.

Naturally there have always been some suspicions that toasting is merely an excuse for having a drink. Saint Augustine, the founder of the Christian Church in southern England, was moved to state: "This filthy and unhappy custom of drinking healths is but a ceremony and a relic of pagans." Not surprisingly, his words were ignored.

England's first recorded toast came in 450AD and was a humdinger. The occasion was a raunchy feast King Vertigern gave for Saxon leader Hengist and his followers. Holding a goblet aloft, Hengist drank to the king with the words: "Louerd King, waes hael!" ("Lord King, be of health!") The king replied: "Drink hael!"

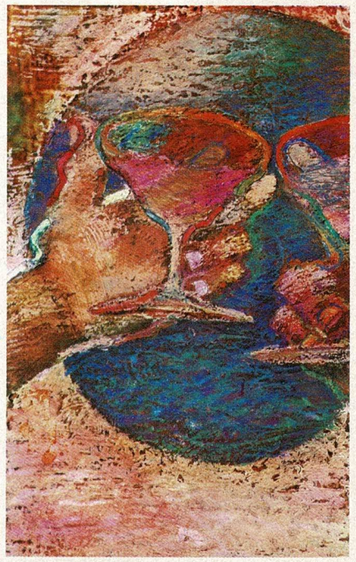
It might have stopped there but the king, a randy fellow with an eye for the maidens, went one step further and kissed the Saxon leader's beautiful daughter, Rowena. Passions were aroused and in a spot of bargaining that followed, Vertigern bought Rowena's hand in marriage... in return for the county of Kent. Not one to dally, Vertigern insisted on marrying Rowena that same night and consummated the episode with a session of public and very violent lovemaking.

But Englishmen learnt to be careful about when and how they offered toasts during the Danish invasion. When toasting a colleague, it became custom to pledge that you would also protect his health while he tossed back his drink. The reason was that the Danes had developed a nasty habit of slashing Englishmen's throats when they threw their heads back to drink.

In Ireland and Scotland, the custom of toasting was adopted with passionate relish and excess. Scotsmen preferred to indulge after a meal when the women had departed. A large punch bowl was filled with whisky, hot water and sugar, and the participants would sit round the bowl drinking from goblets. Toasts would be offered in turn. After each, the goblet would be upturned as proof the contents had been consumed.

For hairy-chested lovers of the day, no more visual demonstration of faith could be given than slashing an arm and running the blood into a goblet of wine before offering a toast to the attention of your love.

Sadly, by past standards, we are slouches in the art of toasting. In 17th-century England they could muster enough toasts to ensure drunkenness for a week. Not content with toasts to king and queen, they could continue through royal families, those present and those absent. Absent friends accounted for many sore heads.



The more traditional toasts have always been made to newlyweds, monarchs, babies, ships and nations. Toasting became more formalised and gained its current name in 17th-century England. The "toast" refers to a piece of bread that was dropped into a drink. It may have been symbolic of nourishment or perhaps some lazy sod's way of eating.

In modern times, the golden age of toasting was prior to the turn of the century in England and soon after in America. Magazines and newspapers ran readers' favorite toasts, and prizes were awarded for the best. One New Yorker, Douglas McElvy, took toasting so seriously that he willed $12,000 so his friends could toast him each year on the anniversary of his death. Alas, the money was all drunk out within three years. The friends, not wanting to abandon the memory of their drinking pal, continued meeting each year and paid for their own gin and tonics.

Not surprisingly, Hollywood gave us one of our smoothest toasts with Bogey's *Casablanca* effort, "Here's looking at you, kid." But not all toasts came out so smoothly. The Rev William A. Spooner is credited with having offered a toast to Queen Victoria with: "Let us drink a toast to the queer old dean."

A toast favored by most glassware manufacturers is the "ultimate" toast where the drink is downed in one gulp and the glass thrown to the floor, against a wall or into a fireplace. It was popular with the Russian czars and also King George III. Always guaranteed to produce a bit of a spectacle (particularly in intimate restaurants), it has definite guidelines. English etiquette demands that it should be done by throwing the glass over your left shoulder. First your right foot should be placed on your chair and your left foot on the table. It's also advisable to seek out understanding restaurateurs.

Love and lust have figured much in toasting history, with ribald humor seldom lacking. For openers: "Here's to me! I found what's unbelievable — a sex-mad maid who's inconceivable!" Or how about: "Here's to the game they call Ten Toes, it's played all over town. The girls all play with 10 toes up, the boys with 10 toes down."

While the practice of toasting has declined much in the past 40 years, politicians are among those who have continued doing it. In fact, the then USA president, Richard Nixon, is claimed to have been offered the world's most public toast when more than 40 million television viewers saw Chinese Premier Chou En-lai do the honors in Peking in February 1972.

For those wishing to make toasts, the advice most commonly given is that they should be carefully chosen with the recipient in mind. If they don't fit the person and the occasion then they are not worth making. Unless you have a way with words, then be happy to borrow from others. Particularly helpful are books of quotes by famous people.

George Bernard Shaw probably summed it up with his toast on sex. He stood up in front of colleagues at a toast-making session and said: "It gives me great pleasure." He then sat down again, his message conveyed.

— TONY FAWCETT

What wears skirts, gets a "10" for body shape, performs when the question's asked and teases the hell out of other BMW Owners?

This vehicle was a normal production BMW and has been modified **in Australia** by T-Marts.

Let's be brutally frank. Many BMW's look fairly conservative. But that doesn't apply once Bob Jane has waved his magic wand over them.
T-Marts throughout Australia now stock world famous BBS alloy wheels, aerodynamic accessories and suspension kits for all BMW 3, 5, 7 and E30 series.
The spoilers and skirts reduce lift-forces and air resistance, giving added safety and top speed while improving fuel economy.
The wheels are high-strength alloy, each individually x-rayed before it leaves the West German factory.
So now you can have a Bee-Em that looks as good as it goes. You little teaser!

BOB JANE T-MARTS SPECIALISTS IN TYRES

Bob Jane T-Marts Australia wide, Discount Tyre Service (A.C.T.) and Ian Diffen T-Marts (W.A.)

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MOVE UP OR MOVE OVER

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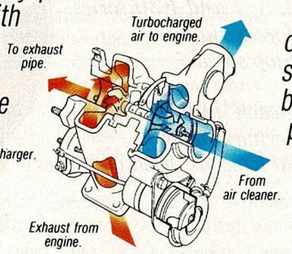

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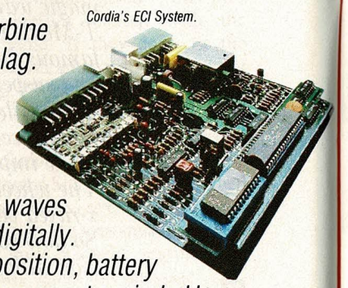

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MONEY

If you want a tax shelter that glows in the dark, you ought to be in pictures.

If you're making more money than ever but you're feeling poor, then perhaps the reason is income tax. For the first time, male workers on average wages are firmly in the 46 percent tax bracket. For those with incomes of more than $35,000, the government's tax bite is 60 cents out of every extra dollar earned.

This may sound unpatriotic, but many Australians actually resent having to pay half, or more, of their earnings to the government. (After all, who wants to be a minority shareholder in his own life?) But there *is* a way to give the government a run for its money — you can use tax shelters.

Tax shelters, like most aspects of our taxation system, originated in America. The American Congress, in response to special interest lobby groups and to its own perception of the nation's best interest, has incorporated concessions into the income tax laws. These concessions are designed to encourage specific investments by permitting investors substantial tax deductions. In effect, those who take advantage of these special incentives can *shelter* some of their income from taxation.

In Australia, Parliament has followed the American practice, creating lucrative tax incentives in order to induce people to make certain investments. Tax concessions are available for money put into primary production, high technology industries and oil exploration, but by far the most generous inducements go to those who invest in films. Anyone who invests in a feature film (or television mini-series, television movie or even a documentary) gets to deduct 133 percent of this investment from his yearly income. That's right. . . the tax deduction is one-third greater than the amount actually invested.

Let's take a hypothetical example. You're reading the weekend newspaper one Saturday in June and come across a full page of ads seeking investors for new movie projects. Such ads usually appear in June because most people wait until the end of the financial year before thinking about tax shelters. (Of the $75 million invested in Australian films in 1983-4, $30 million was placed during the last two weeks in June.) Anyway, you're reading the ads and one seems especially interesting. It's a sort of sequel to the Australian film *Undercover*, the history of the Berlei underwear company. The new project will be called *Hoisted:* it's the story of Lance Hill, inventor of the Hills Hoist.

You send for the prospectus which contains photographs of several movie stars and a photocopied letter from a firm of chartered accountants saying how much they admire the movie's script. There is also an itemised listing of the film's $4 million budget. Investors can contribute as little as $1000 each. You wonder: Is such an investment likely to be profitable?

If you earn less than $19,500, falling into the 25 or 30 percent tax brackets, the answer is an unequivocal no. Except as a member of the audience, movies are not for you. Your low tax bracket effectively negates the special tax concessions and besides, on that income, you probably haven't got an extra $1000 anyway. If your income is more than $19,500, however, the sums look considerably better. Say, for example, you're on a salary of $25,000 per year. If you invest $1000 in the film, your 133 percent tax deduction means you can reduce your salary income by $1330 to $23,670. Since you are in the 46 percent tax bracket, you will save $611.80 in income tax (46% of $1330). Thus your out-of-pocket investment isn't $1000, it's really only $388.20.

But that is only part of the story. The government offers a second tax incentive to film investors that is almost as good as the first. Not only do you get to deduct 133 percent of the money you put into a film, you can exempt from income tax any profits you receive up to 33 percent of your original investment. If you invest $1000, the first $330 in profits you receive is tax free.

HOW A BOX-OFFICE FLOP CAN MAKE YOU MONEY

$1000 invested gives tax deduction of $1330.	
Tax saved on $1330 at 46% is:	**$611.80**
Return of $500 gives tax-exempt profit of:	**$330.00**
Balance of $170 taxable at 46% ($78.20) leaves after-tax profit of:	**$91.80**
Total:	**$1033.60**
Less original investment:	**$1000.00**
Real profit:	**$33.60**

With such generous tax incentives, a film needn't make much money for you to come out ahead. In fact, if you get back only $500 of your original $1000 investment, you still make a profit. (See accompanying box.)

If the film actually manages to pay you back the $1000 you invested, you will be ahead more than $300.

And if you are in the 60 percent tax bracket, the investment looks even better. An initial $1000 put into the film produces a tax saving of $798. This means the real amount "at risk" is only $202. Since the first $330 in profits received is not taxable, all you need to get back is 22 percent of the money you invest in order to break even. If the film pays back the whole $1000, you will wind up $598 *ahead.*

Of course, there is no guarantee that any investment in *Hoisted* is likely to be profitable. But time is another aspect that must be considered. It can take years for a film to turn a profit or return any money at all. While you wait, you receive nothing. If, on the other hand, you had deposited your $1000 in the bank, you could have spent those years earning steady (albeit taxable) interest.

In fact, right there on the cover of the *Hoisted* prospectus (and all other film prospectuses) appears the statement, "Investment in this project is considered to be speculative." The government requires this statement because, despite its obvious appeal, *Hoisted* may turn out to be a flop.

The bottom line is simple: as with any other investment, it is foolish to put your money into a movie unless you really believe the film has some chance of making money. True, you get a tax deduction, but it is worth while keeping in mind that in trying to save $600, $700 or even $800 in taxes, it is possible to wind up losing the rest of your thousand. — SETH GREGORY

The figures so far suggest that an

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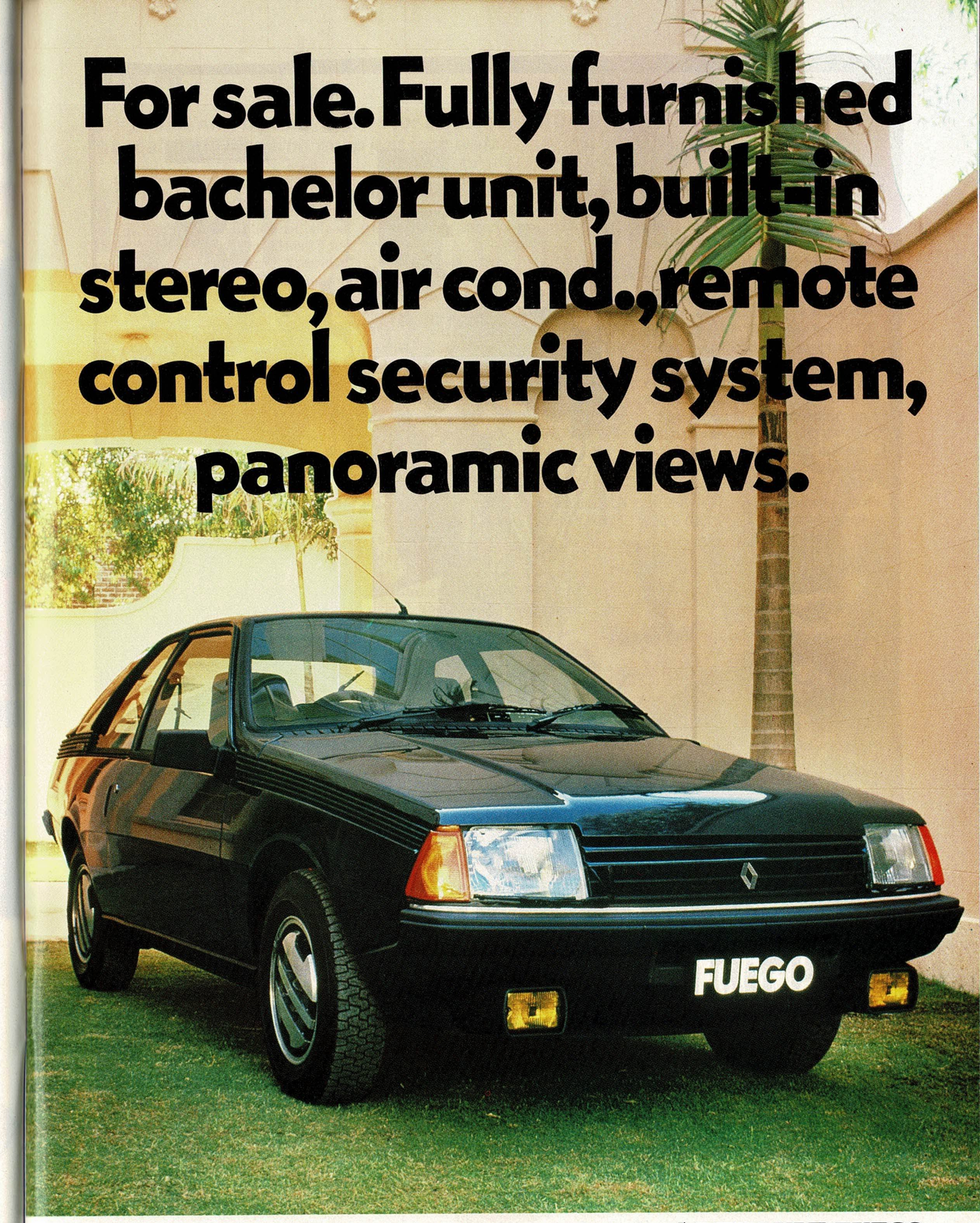

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MEN

Cry-babies may be a big turn-on for some women but in the real world men who weep just look wet.

I've been reading a lot lately about women who say it's all right for a man to cry. In fact, they say it's not only all right, it's bloody well mandatory if you want to prove you're a real man. A sensitive, warm, deep, caring person, a human being completely in tune with his emotions. Real men have to be very brave and strong to show how weak they are. Or at least I think that's how the argument goes.

Well, I'm as sensitive and as warm and as deep as the next bloke and if it's *really* okay to have a good blubber when things get a bit rugged, then I'm willing to give it a go. I've seen Bob Hawke and Kim Hughes break down under the sudden awareness of their own unbearable sensitivity. Mind you, I reckon if Hawke does it again he should get a big kick up the arse and be sent out to play football with the big boys. Oops, sorry, bit of insensitive regression there.

Anyway, seeing as it's all right for men to cry I decided to try it on the next time the opportunity presented itself. As it so happens, that was when I was doing the Saturday morning shopping at the local New World. See, I'm already half-way to being sensitive — I do the shopping. Actually the reason I do it is because I can get around the supermarket in 10 minutes. My wife can't do it in under five hours.

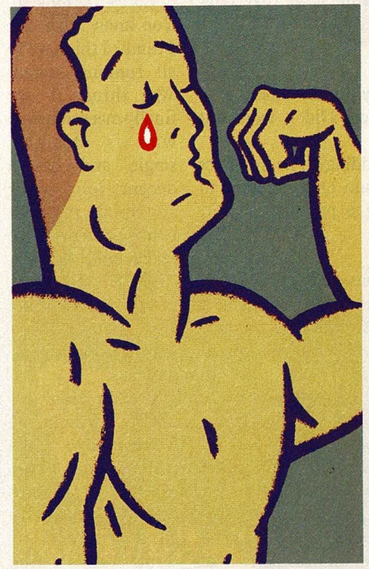
It was the usual Saturday morning mob scene. Rioting pensioners jabbing each other with their walking sticks, screaming kids with peanut butter on their faces falling under trolley wheels, and big women bashing into each other beside the frozen prawns. It was my turn at the check-out, there was a bloody great queue of angry-looking people behind me and something that looked like Attila The Hot And Bothered in a blue smock at the cash register when I realised I hadn't brought enough money.

Normally there'd be no worries. I'd just sling out the jellied pig sphincters and curried chicken jowls till I'd got the bill down. But no, we're all living in an enlightened age, so I decided to have a good cry instead. It took me a few minutes to get warmed up because I've been out of practice, you see, no doubt as a result of all my repressive macho conditioning, but when I got going I was better than the bride's father at an Italian wedding. After a minute or two of this I looked at the check-out girl to see how I was doing and she was just staring at me like I was something that had fallen out of her nose.

Then she turns around to all her mates at the other check-outs and yells out in a voice like the hooter on the Manly ferry: "Hey, kin youse believe this bloke?" And they all started staring at me and nudging each other and giggling and then the customers started getting nasty. I can assure you I was crushed.

Still, that was just the first time out and I might have been unlucky, you know, just chanced to have run into three or four hundred insensitive people. I decided it was definitely worth a go at the garage when I had to collect the car after its tune-up. The bloke who runs the garage is called Bruno and he told me they'd found a few minor things wrong with the car during the tune-up and here was my bill for $889 but they hadn't charged me for putting air in the tyres.

This time I had good reason to cry and the tears started pouring out no bother. Christ, you wouldn't believe the racket a grown man at full bore can make in a garage. You get this nice rolling echo effect if you can time the staccato sobs just right. You know those sobs I mean — the ones that sound like you're so distressed you're choking to death.



So I'm turning on the tragedy and Bruno just stands there, looks me right in the eye and yawns. I thought I might wear the bastard down by pulling a marathon whinge but he just stood there, looked at the ceiling, belched, yawned some more, farted, scratched his backside and waited me out. Oh, I thought I'd kicked a goal when one of the mechanics down the back crawled out from under a car and came toward me with a very concerned look on his face.

"Hey you," he said. "Will you shut your whingeing gob, we're trying to listen to the 2.30 from Randwick."

Brutes, let me tell you. Absolute brutes.

I paid the bill.

Perhaps, I thought, just one more try. You never know. I had to ask the boss for a raise. If I could turn on some grand opera perhaps I could nauseate the bastard into giving me the raise. I went the full quid, told him about the money I needed to pay for my mother's cancer operation, how I couldn't keep sending the kids to school with no shoes, how we struggled through last winter without a roof on the house. And I cried. And I let my nose run. That always looks sincere. And he put it all on tape. He still plays it back on slow days when he needs a bit of a laugh.

By this time I was getting genuinely overwrought. I don't know which world all those *Cosmo* or *Cleo* men live in — you know, those blokes who have to be taught 101 ways to be a better lover — but the world I live in seems to be strangely full of insensitive people.

So what could a man do except go down to the pub and get stuck into the piss? So I did. But as I was driving down to The Sportsman's Hotel in my '75 Holden with the Rolls-Royce tune-up I got pulled over by the wallopers for speeding. With six points on my licence already I thought a bit of discreet begging followed up by a few heartfelt tears might soften the policeman's heart. He handed me the ticket and I managed to squirt out a couple of big, fat teardrops on the back of his hand. I looked up at him and he looked down at me with a face as soft and warm as a house brick. "Would you like me to shoot you and put you out of your misery?" he offered.

Well, I lobbed into the bar of The Sportsman's feeling just a bit ashamed of myself on the strength of the day's performance. I was about halfway through the third schooner when I had a good burl at the barmaid. She had hair the color of McGregor tartan and a T-shirt carrying the instruction: Beat Me, Bite Me, Whip Me, Screw Me. But I noticed she had a very sympathetic chest. Just the chest for crying on. Maybe, with a bit of luck, I'd get a pity root out of her. So I poured it on, what a nasty, cruel and insensitive world it is that gentle souls such as us had to live in.

She just kept filing her nails and listening patiently and when I'd finished, she said: "If you're looking for sympathy you'll find it in the dictionary. Between shit and syphilis."

And do you know, she's right.

— PAUL MANN

WOMEN

Blokes are back on the wanted list, but the '80s woman has yet to work out what she wants them for.

The women I know are talking about men again. For a few years we tried not to, tried to confine our chats to work, clothes, kids and politics, felt that in some way it was *de trop* or *passe* to discuss the blokes.

Possibly we were afraid of appearing weak and dependent to our peers, all who seemed to have it totally together. But now that the confessing mode is back in style, we find we're all just as fogged as we always were about the same old chestnut of a question: "What do women want?" We still don't know.

Listen to us try to find out.

Scene one: Exercise class in a mid-city women-only gymnasium. Six women lie on mats on the floor, legs pressed to chests.

Teacher: Remember to breathe, ladies.

Sandra: Where's Katie tonight?

Cathy: Hah! Probably with that boyfriend of hers.

Diane: Boyfriend?

Rita: Boyfriend?

Teacher: Don't play dumb, ladies.

Diane: The architect? Did it work out with the architect?

Sandra: Are you kidding? The architect was paying alimony and child support to two wives and seeing a psychiatrist four times a week.

Diane: So?

Sandra: So he was also into rubber.

Rita: Nobody's into rubber. That's a porn magazine myth. Are you telling me she finally gave the art gallery owner the time of day?

Cathy: He doesn't actually *own* the gallery.

Teacher: His brother owns it. Sit up. Rotate your hands. I hear she's definitely in love.

Phoebe: Well, all I know is they spent Valentine's day in his house in the mountains, dressed up all formally like Prince Charles and Lady Di. He cooked prawns in garlic butter with snow pea souffle, and tortellini oscar with 42-year-old port and raspberry mousse. She arrived with an orchid in her hair, he had tears in his eyes.

Teacher: He's 37, divorced once. Roll on to your sides. Stretch.

Rita: What does he look like?

Diane: This is horrible. I hate this. What are we doing? This gives me a really bad feeling. I don't know exactly, but we sound so *dependent*.

Phoebe: Dependent? Us? But we all have great careers.

Teacher: You're not breathing, ladies.

Scene two: A coffee shop in a trendy suburban shopping village.

Brenda: So then he said to me, "Well, how about Saturday night?" and I said, "Look, I don't think so, I'm really busy at the moment. I have a lot of work to do," and he said, "What is it, my breath?"

He's not stupid, he knew what I was telling him.

Cathy: Poor Kevin.

Brenda: Look, don't be annoyed with me. I tried to like him, I really did. I kept looking at him, I kept trying to focus on *something* about him that would really attract me. Believe me, I searched!

All my friends are mad at me for not wanting to date him. He's a really nice guy, he's very smart, he has a wonderful sense of humor, but he's just not for me. They keep saying, "Give him a chance."

Cathy: Don't give him a chance.

Brenda: Two dates is enough, right?

Cathy: I think so. You know what else I think? I think we're all running scared. We think if we finally meet someone who is straight, single and has a decent job, we're supposed to grab him around the knees and scream, "Sleep with me, marry me!" I think it's those McDonald's commercials.

Brenda: Huh?

Cathy: You know. McDonald's commercials do a lot toward promoting the myth that we're all the same. Uniform. And it's true Australia is well on the way to being homogenised, but there are still differences. We're *not* all the same. I think it's all down to chemistry.

Brenda: It is. If a man doesn't *smell* right to me, I can't go near him. Smell is so important.

Cathy: Now I would date Kevin in a minute. I know he's kind of chunky, and he has a moustache, but I find him really sexy. But I have a boyfriend.

Brenda: I'm lonely, but I'm not *that* lonely. A single woman in her thirties is supposed to be desperate. The only thing I feel desperate about is a child. If I don't meet someone within two years I will have a child anyway. By myself.

Cathy: Artificial insemination?

Brenda: Whatever it takes. But oh, wouldn't it be nice if a man with the right smell came along?

Scene three: A very trendy exclusive night-club.

Lisa: That one over there. See? Blond hair, black shirt?

Rita: I can't believe you. I really, truly, cannot for a second fathom you.

Lisa: Why? What?

Rita: There are thousands of people in this room. There's hardly any light. But still, from 50 feet away, you can spot an ex-junkie womaniser who is in incredible psychological trouble.

Lisa: How do you know?

Cathy: I work with him. All the women at the office are crazy about him. Naturally, we did a small amount of detective work. Nothing much. We just know every job he's had, every drug he's taken, every girl he's dated.

Lisa: But half the women in your office are married!

Cathy: Marriage never stopped speculation. We decided he was too much work.

Lisa: But you all fell for him. So I'm not so weird. You know ex-junkies are incredibly sensitive. Listen to me, I'm obviously not well. Why do I keep being attracted to the same guy, over and over? And why is this guy so *completely* inaccessible? What's wrong with me? I guess I don't want to have a relationship.

Rita: Always possible. But no, I just really think you've got bad taste. How about this? Why don't you wait until someone goes after *you?* Let men take the initiative for a while.

Lisa: But they don't anymore.

Man: Excuse me, Miss, wanna dance?

Lisa: No, thank you.

Rita: What about him?

Lisa: He called me "Miss". How reactionary can you get?

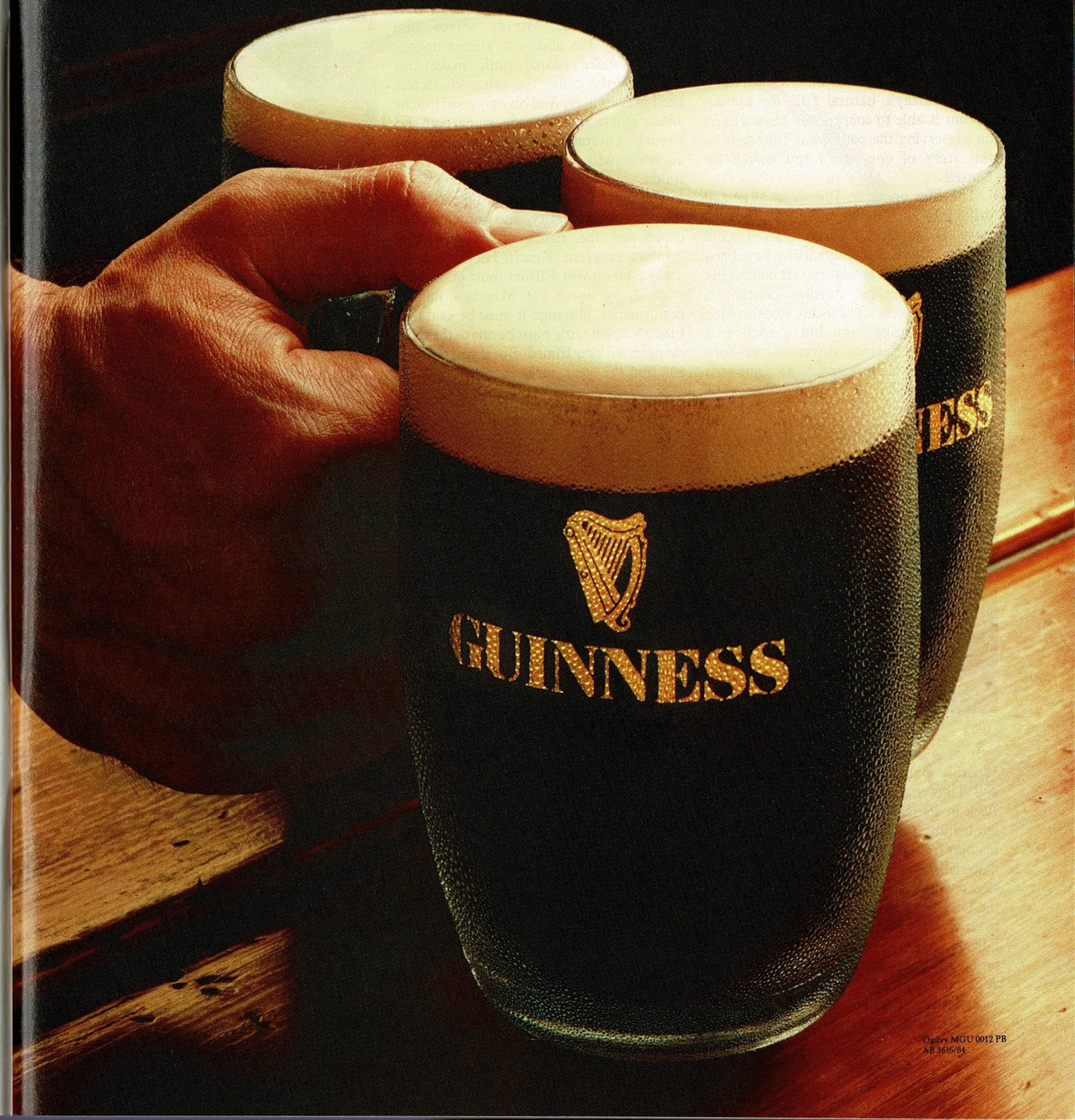
Rita: Lisa, what the hell do you want?

Lisa: Who knows? What does anyone want? I want to be madly in love but I want my freedom at the same time. Is that too much to ask?

Rita: Yes. — CYNTHIA HEIMEL

SHARE THE SECRET

What's the secret of the growing popularity of Guinness? Is it the rich, dark, satisfying taste? Next time round, ask for a Guinness yourself and share in the secret.



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MOVIES

Bill Murray sharpens his wit, cold-blooded spies, and more lunacy from Monty Python star.

The difficulty in making a good movie out of a great novel is that deference to the author usually robs the film of character and characters. Not so with *The Razor's Edge*, a classic **Somerset Maugham** novel translated into an epic human drama through the combined talents of director **John Byrum** and actor **Bill Murray**.

A comic genius with such highbrow classics as *Meatballs, Stripes* and *Ghostbusters* to his credit, Murray is the wild card in the pack that allows Maugham's great novel to become a great film in its own right. With Murray's natural flair for humor, Byrum is able to concentrate his attention on preserving the pathos and humanity in this story of one man's epic search for himself.

The film opens in Illinois in 1917 and drifts into Paris between the wars. But the story is timeless. Larry Darrell (Bill Murray) has the wit and charm to have been accepted into the local social set and his life has no foreseeable hurdles. There's a beautiful fiancee, and a secure stockbroking position awaiting him, but a spell as a volunteer ambulance driver in war-torn France unsettles him and he sets out on a pilgrimage which he hopes will clarify his self-awareness.

Gallic symbol Bill Murray.

It is a search which takes him on a superbly photographed journey to India and Tibet and to spiritual enlightenment. Back in Paris, he finds that the fiancee he left behind (**Catherine Hicks**) has married his best friend (**James Keach**) and that the materialistic and idealistic life that he rejected has disintegrated around them with the US stock market collapse. Having come to terms with his own purpose, Larry finds himself still confronting people and problems unresolved from his past. His attempt to apply his new inner strength to a successful relationship ends in tragedy.

What he thought was the reward for finding himself becomes the last hurdle he has to clear, and the deeply inspirational tone of the film is preserved with a final scene of Larry jauntily attacking a daunting flight of steps, onward and upward, spirit indomitable.

Director Byrum deftly avoids the novel's stream of consciousness, leaving the spiritual lessons learned in preference for Larry's ease at coping with the crises confronting him. Murray serves him masterfully. His ability to almost unconsciously make people smile makes his character the tonic the other characters need in their lives. And his easy good humor allows him to hint at great personal pain and wrench enormous sympathy from the audience with little more than a facial flinch.

The film, though, does not flinch. It has intensity and integrity, and audiences can experience the rigors of its emotional aerobics program. Keach, Hicks, and the urbane **Denholm Elliott** most effectively provide the focus for Murray's mighty performance, although it must be said that Elliott's death rattle must be one of the most exaggerated ever filmed. But if you only see one film this year, make it this one.

●

Lunacy and **Terry Gilliam** are not exactly foreign to each other. It was his unpredictable mind that brought us *Monty Python, Jabberwocky* and *Time Bandits*. His new film, *Brazil*, is something else again, the notion that the meek won't just inherit the earth. Taken to its illogical conclusion, they'll overthrow it.

Before embarking on the project, Gilliam described his script as "Walter Mitty meets Franz Kafka to the rhythm of Latin sambas." **Tom Stoppard** and **Charles McKeown** then rewrote the script and Gilliam's description became "Walter Mitty meets George Orwell." Well, the Latin sambas had gone and, in fact, the title refers only to the exotic fantasies that apparently fill the heads of anonymous little public service clerical assistants.

One such lowly reptile is **Jonathan Pryce** and a considerable allowance will have to be made by those in the audience who remember him as the suitably satanic Mr Dark in *Something Wicked This Way Comes*. Set somewhere in the Orwellian future, Pryce is a clerk in the feared Ministry of Information Retrieval, where everybody's personal files are stored. Instead of suffering tenosynovitis like normal clerks, Pryce experiences Mittyesque dreams which develop into evil hallucinations. Finally, he analyses the message and becomes the inside contact for a band of resistance rebels who overthrow the ministry.

The plot has more twists and turns than a public service corridor, but one of the biggest surprises has to be **Robert de Niro** popping up as the guerilla leader. With

Wait for Robert de Niro in Brazil.

Gilliam at the controls, the film gathers momentum like a squash ball on heat, but Jonathan Pryce remains the stabilising factor, just like a real public servant.

●

What with David Lange and **John Schlesinger**, the ANZUS alliance could end up with more complexes than **Woody Allen**. Schlesinger's *The Falcon And The Snowman* takes on a tough issue and a tough task... the job of defining the motives and morals of **Chris Boyce** and **Daulton Lee**, two young Americans who did something very un-American.

Boyce, a young electronics data processor, found himself monitoring CIA secret information and blew the whistle on how the American intelligence agency was bullshitting the Australian Government about activities at Pine Gap. Lee, a friend of Boyce since their altar boy childhood in Los Angeles, joined him in a further escapade: flogging off American spy satellite codes to Russian agents in Mexico.

A man needs a hobby and Chris Boyce was an expert falconer while Daulton Lee ran a flourishing cocaine and heroin trade, hence the film's title.

Schlesinger serves up a couple of unlikely treason twins. There is no great sympathy for the Soviet cause. Boyce (**Timothy Hutton**) likes to think that he has a bit of personal flair, that he's an individual, but he feels also that he's bogged in the mindless, middle-class mudflats of complacent America. Boyce admires style, but mid-America promotes conformity. Boyce is rebelling against the banality of a clone society. Lee (**Sean Penn**) is smothering in indulgence: parental indulgence, commu-

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nity indulgence, judicial indulgence. He's dealing in drugs because he wants to outrage somebody, anybody.

Schlesinger took an ambivalent, even whimsical, view of British espionage in his BBC television film, *An Englishman Abroad*, an offbeat profile of **Guy Burgess** stranded in Moscow. He's not as flippant here, and he neither condones their activities nor passes judgement. The film is compelling because it doesn't try to be, but you can't just ignore the fact that two nice boys from good families turned traitor.

Does treason need reason? Hutton and Penn make a fine fist of enigma. Hutton affects a totally credible degree of cynicism and Penn breezes through this film of rare integrity without confronting integrity at all. His Daulton is just a hell-raiser in a world that refuses to notice.

— ROBIN INGRAM

★COMING ATTRACTIONS★

AUSSIES GO TO HOLLYWOOD: Australian director **Gillian Armstrong**, whose first Hollywood film, *Mrs Soffel*, will soon hit the screens, might have some adjustments to make if her next project is filmed here. MGM gave her $13 million to make *Mrs Soffel* and were amazed when Gillian gave them back some change. A third of that budget, by the way, went to the movie's stars, **Diane Keaton** and **Mel Gibson**.

Diane Keaton in Mrs Soffel.

The Aussie connection was not forgotten by Armstrong, who previously directed *My Brilliant Career* and *Starstruck*: **Russell Boyd** directed the cinematography, **Luciana Arrighi** art-directed, and **Nick Beauman** edited.

●

LONG TIME COMING: **Margaret Fink**'s *For Love Alone*, from the celebrated novel by **Christina Stead**, is, amazingly, her first movie in the six years since the release of *My Brilliant Career*. Despite *Career* being NSW Film Corporation's biggest, and perhaps its only real, hit to date, there seems to have been a marked reluctance on its part to take a similar chance, forcing Fink to overcome enormous difficulties financing *For Love Alone*.

And just as *Career* gave the Australian film industry **Judy Davis, Sam Neill** and director **Gillian Armstrong** due to Fink's remarkable foresight, *For Love Alone* takes an only slightly lesser risk with director **Stephen Wallace** (*Love Letters From Teralba Road, Stir, Women Of The Sun*) and actor **Hugo Weaving**, who was cast as an unknown, before his leading role as Douglas Jardine in *Bodyline*.

●

GENTLEMEN, PLACE YOUR BETS: **Ryan O'Neal** and **Catherine Hicks** (the goody-goody girl from *The Razor's Edge*) have been signed to star in director **Richard Brooks's** *The Fever*, about a sportswriter assigned to do an in-depth story of America's number-one pastime, gambling. Co-starring in the film are **Giancarlo Gianini, Chad** (*Medical Centre*) **Everett, William** (*Red Dawn*) **Smith, John Saxon,** and **Keith** (brother of Hugh) **Hefner**. A late 1985 release date is set to qualify the film for Oscar consideration.

●

SEQUELMANIA: As usual, Hollywood continues to subscribe to the theory that if it worked once, it should get a second chance. Among the sequels being planned are *Karate Kid II, Breakin' III, Terminator II, Death Wish III, Poltergeist II, Star Trek IV, Friday The 13th: A New Beginning,* and a *Ghostbusters* second instalment. And that's not all, not by a long shot. With *Romancing The Stone* grossing well over $75 million at the box-office, a follow-up has been requested. **Michael Douglas** and **Kathleen Turner** will reprise their roles in *Jewel Of The Nile*, which takes up where *Romancing* left off with the reunited lovers sailing their new sloop to North Africa via the French Riviera and a host of adventures. And let's not forget *Police Academy: Their First Assignment* in which the rookie misfits clean up a neighborhood gang: or *Rambo: First Blood II*, with **Sly Stallone** leading a mission to South-East Asian POW camps; or *National Lampoon's European Vacation*, which features the Griswold family bumbling through the Continent. Have we left anybody out?

Sly Stallone beats off the jungle mosquitoes in First Blood II.

●

IDOL GOSSIP: Fairies, goblins, pixies, elves, unicorns and leprechauns will populate the screen in *Legend*, director **Ridley Scott**'s first film since *Blade Runner*. **Tom Cruise** has been set to star as Jack o' the Green in this mythical fantasy that centres on the eternal struggle between the forces of darkness and light... **Loretta Swit, Dick Shawn** and **Rip Torn** will top-line *Beer*, a satire of the advertising business in which a lady ad exec devises an innovative campaign featuring three average guys who become overnight sensations. *Beer* will be directed by **Patrick Kelly**, a New York commercial director... **John** (*Deliverance*) **Boorman** will direct **Powers Boothe** and **Meg Foster** in *The Emerald Forest*, an adventure fantasy based on a true story about an American youth abducted by jungle Indians at the age of six who grows up to be a brave warrior in the rainforests of Brazil... **Kevin** (*Footloose*) **Bacon** will star in *Quicksilver*, a contemporary action-drama involving big-city bicycle messengers... **Glenn Close, Mandy Patinkin, Ruth Gordon, Barnard Hughes** and **Valerie Curtin** comprise the cast of *Free Spirit*, a '40s-style comedy about a feisty 1920s movie star (Gordon) who returns from the dead to inhabit the body of a prim and proper wife (Close). The flick is based on the novel *Marion's Wall* by Jack Finney.

●

SPIES IN THE OINTMENT: *Revenge of the Nerds* star **Anthony Edwards** and director **Jeff Kanew** have reteamed on *Gotcha*, a comedy-adventure about an innocent college kid who inadvertently gets involved in international espionage. Edwards plays Jonathan, a student who decides to spend his spring break in Paris, where, right under the Eiffel Tower, he is picked up by the girl of his dreams (played by newcomer **Linda Fiorentino**).

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MUSIC

In today's world of flashy film clips and machine-made music, producers are directing the whole show.

It's been two decades since legendary '60s producer **Phil Spector** carved out a reputation bigger than most of the artists he worked with. Some critics put it down to his despotic nature inside the recording studio, but his records grabbed public attention simply because they were the most revolutionary noise pelting out of the radio of the day.

Modern recording technology has since shot holes in Spector's "wall of sound" effect, and has again raised the question whether, like movie buffs seeking out directors' films, record buyers should be listening to producers' records rather than succumbing to the glamor of mere pop stars.

Two major overseas producers have taken artists to the top of the charts and left the public gasping at their own work at the same time. **Trevor Horn's** multiple mixes of **Frankie Goes To Hollywood's** hits highlight the strengths of studio sounds. **Quincy Jones** puts his monicker and a pounding beat behind a squeaky clean **Michael Jackson** and every disco kid in the world goes ape. But would Frankie or Michael have delivered the goods without their producers?

Midnight Oil struggled and failed for years to capture their live energy on record until producer **Nick Launay** gave the band a new aural direction when they recorded *10,9,8,7,6,5,4,3,2,1*. The album became the biggest selling Aussie group album ever. No wonder the Oils chose Launay to produce their follow-up, *Red Sails In The Sunset*.

The Oils' experience points to one of the major hurdles any Australian band faces when going into a recording studio. Because the live scene is so strong, bands get set in their ways. Their records can simply become reminders of a night in the pub, when in fact they should stand out as a separate entity.

Bands that constantly play live know that experimentation on stage mostly turns people away, so live sounds become standardised.

But with the recording technology available in studios, all kinds of shading and subtlety are possible. Drum machines, digital recording and computer technology mean most producers can get the right sounds quickly and accurately. The one vocal track you hear on a record may, for instance, be the compilation of the best phrases out of 10 separate takes.

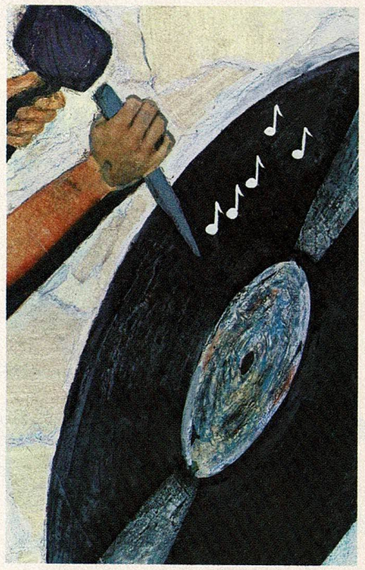
And while the hardest task remains for a producer to find original sounds, his task is much more than a mastering of the technology and a twiddling of the knobs.

One of Australia's busiest producers, **Mark Opitz,** who has worked with **The Angels, The Reels, Divinyls, Cold Chisel, INXS, Australian Crawl, Richard Clapton** and **Jimmy Barnes,** sees his job as a combination of engineer, musical director and psychologist.

Sometimes a band's personnel needs re-arranging, sometimes their songs need a new treatment, and sometimes even players' techniques need work.

"You've got to realise where the strengths of the band are, and then follow that natural flow," Opitz says. "With a band like Cold Chisel, who were already accomplished in arrangement and technique, I tried to keep their live impetus."

While there are no musical formulas for production, Opitz suggests that you have to like the people in the band, and if you're having a good time in the studio it will reflect itself on record. He remembers the recording of Cold Chisel's 1980 album, *East*, as a good food and wine time. . . and accordingly the record went platinum four times.



"I like to think of myself as a democratic member of the band I'm producing, but with a little bit more power than the others, so I can lead from within. I've got to have the band's trust and decide what's too radical and what's not," Opitz adds.

His flow of fresh ideas works best, he says, when he's producing different bands. He's a product person more than just a record producer, preferring to work to a total design that involves him from track to track right through to the cover.

Others get into production from player backgrounds. **Alan Mansfield** worked with **Robert Palmer** and **Bette Midler** before joining **Dragon.**

His production work includes his own band as well as **Marc Hunter's** solo album.

"A lot of bands depend on technology to sound good,"says Mansfield,"but the catch is to sound good and play at the same time."

Mansfield, and another player/producer, **Ricky Fataar**, are writers for CBS Songs as well, and producing songs they've written adds an extra problem: maintaining enough objectivity to make final musical decisions.

No amount of technology can help; production for them always remains a matter of human input.

Fataar, whose production credits include **Tim Finn's** *Escapade*, and albums by **Renee Geyer** and **QED**, says: "If the song and the performance are there, you've got it. Rather than massive amounts of studio work, I prefer the feel of the playing.

"Ultimately the sound of a record comes from the way a player handles his instrument.

"It's all with the artist. A producer brings out the best in the artist."

To that end, Fataar and his partners have decided to use their own production expertise to develop new bands through their new record company, Centre Records. Mark Opitz's approach to new bands is to do two records with them and after that they should be able to produce themselves.

One Aussie band that took on that job from the start is **The Triffids.** They've recorded an assortment of singles, EPs and LPs, and have chosen to remain independent of the pop mainstream. Their main man, **David McComb,** claims their only need for a producer would be to push them further to the extreme. "It's been a fault of ours, and lots of bands, that we've lacked confidence with the sound we want to achieve.

"If a band's insecure about that, often a producer will formularise their sound," says McComb.

"They control the sound of pop," he adds. "It's a currency they deal in."

Like a lot of currencies these days, sound recording is in flux. Because of the video-pop boom and machine-made music's effect on the state of the art, bands have become more like character actors and music producers like directors.

And, if they play their parts properly, music will be more sophisticated for it.

— TONY LOVE

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SPORT

A good sportsman blames his tools. . . and then makes sure he replaces them with better ones.

Recently, I traded in my hack sailboard on an F2 Stratos, one of the new-generation, medium-sized funboards that are revolutionising the sport of boardsailing. I could hardly believe this thing: right off the beach it accelerated like a Lamborghini. It harnessed more wind on any heading, skipped wavetops like a hovercraft and sliced turns like it was jammed in a groove.

That board just catapulted me straight over some three tedious development stages and put me right back on the exciting arc of the learning curve. It was like flicking straight from the first chapter to the tenth in a "how to" manual on the sport.

There was a big, fat lesson in that simple exercise, and it's all about equipment. Equipment is purely the tools of the sporting trade. Whether you are a professional tradesman or a home handyman, you know that only the best tools do a good job. A simple experiment with a box of "plasticine" el-cheapo drills will prove this point to even the most tight-arsed klutz of carpentry. Yet many recreational sportspeople — perhaps most — persist with cheap or downmarket tools when they ply their favorite sporting trade.

It's hardly surprising. In most sports, equipment development is led from the top. The past few Olympic Games, for example, have seen revolutions in equipment from skiing to cycling. Virtually every sport has been affected by international competition: sailing, bobsledding, even pole-vaulting. The trend has even extended to clothing, from special shoes (runners and jumpers) to ski suits, where low-friction fabrics are now employed.

Most average recreational sportspeople perceive these as elitist advances designed by the professional for the professional to achieve millisecond advantages over their opposition. By utilising the ultimate high-tech materials, radical equipment is engineered, funded by bottomless pits of money. This simply doesn't relate to "average" or recreational experience in a particular sport.

But there is at least one sport where the recreational competitor can relate directly to a radical improvement in equipment. In tennis, the equipment revolution is quite obviously the oversize racquet. Less obviously, this equipment revolution was led from the bottom of the sport. And I mean the bottom.

The man responsible is Howard Head, a self-confessed klutz of the court. Head spent more than $5000 on private tuition in a desperate and fruitless bid to lift his game. Then, utilising his engineering and inventive genius, he reinvented the "ball machine" to give himself maximum practice opportunity. His bank balance went up slightly, but his game remained stable. It was still the pits.

So he did what most of us would have done in the first place: he blamed his racquet. But what he did differently was to set about reinventing the racquet.

From some early failures, he progressed to what eventually developed into the "maxi" or oversize racquet, a device that followed the general form of the conventional bat but with a hitting surface 5cm wider and extending 7.5cm deeper into the "throat" of the weapon. (It was the same overall length as the conventional racquet.)

Head's racquet thus possessed a super-size "sweet spot" that was four times greater than on a standard racquet, and 20 percent more powerful. The first thing Head noticed (after the laughter) was that his game had improved drastically. When they stopped laughing, his friends noticed it too.

Head, of course, had the last laugh; all the way to the US Patents Office where he secured a 17-year cover for his invention, and all the way back to the bank with the profits. Millions of dollars of them.

The important thing was that his device had revolutionised *recreational* tennis, and was embraced by the average player rather than by the professional. In fact, the pros were uncharacteristically slow in picking up this instant performance improver — an interesting psychological insight into this ultra-conservative sport.

When they did go for it, the pros recorded some staggering achievements. Gene Mayer was ranked 148th when he picked up Howard Head's Prince Graphite racquet. He moved straight to number six that year. Pam Shriver, aged 16, became the youngest player ever to reach the US Open finals in 1978. After just six months wielding a Prince, Paul McNamee upset John McEnroe in the 1980 French Open and teamed with Paul McNamara to snag the doubles at Wimbledon.

That was five years ago. Now there is hardly a competitor with a computer rating who isn't slashing with an oversize bat. This is despite Head's "scientific formula" for the gadget's performance: "The potential for improvement is inversely proportional to the ability of the player, ranging from 150 percent for the beginner down to three percent for the world class player."

This secret success formula is the reason why conventional-sized racquets now account for less than two percent of worldwide racquet sales. The simple fact is that the average recreational player can vastly improve his level of proficiency and pleasure in the sport just by picking up this simple piece of equipment.

Head believes the theory applies to virtually every sport, and drives his point home with devastating effect by pointing to snow skiing, a sport which Head also revolutionised in the '50s and '60s by inventing the metal ski. At the time it was dubbed the "cheater ski", a machine with "built-in turns". But it was this device that put the average individual on to skis and helped him to learn quickly, safely and with maximum enjoyment.

Says Head: "The thing about sport is that to the average or indeed mediocre competitor, like myself, the further down the performance ladder you go, the more important is the equipment you use."

In tennis, the lack of ball skills, absence of fitness, reduced eye-to-ball co-ordination and irregularity of practice all contrive to keep the ball and the sweet-spot of the recreational player's racquet separated. The simple addition of the right piece of equipment can compensate for many of these minuses.

In other sports, even non-competitive ones, the same application of equipment can be made to significantly improve the level of proficiency or increase the level of satisfaction.

In the sporting gospel according to Howard Head: It's a good sportsman who blames his tools, and replaces them with better ones. — ROB LUCK

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Modele Depose
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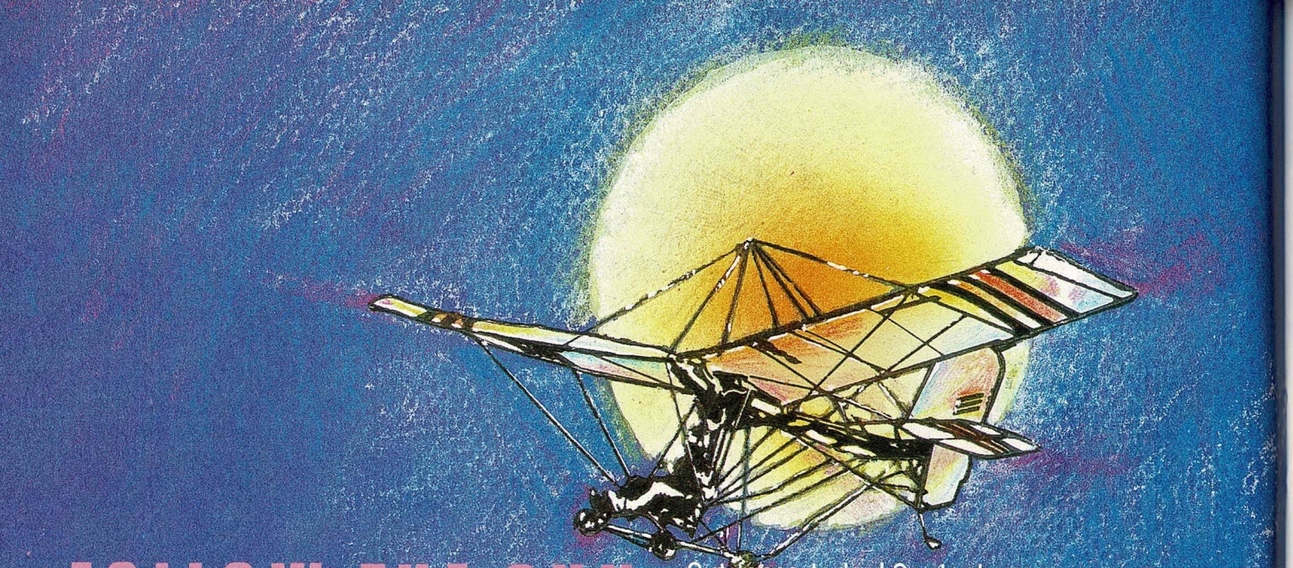

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: BOY GEORGE

A candid conversation with the reigning king and queen of pop music about royals, role models and different kinds of love.

John Wayne is turning in his grave. It was bad enough that Michael Jackson became the American phenomenon of the '80s, with his delicate features and high-pitched voice, but then from England along came George Alan O'Dowd, all braids, mascara, baggy dresses and arched eyebrows, to become the latest pop sensation. The 24-year-old singer/songwriter, better known as Boy George, together with Culture Club, has garnered more record sales, publicity, praise and scorn than any pop act in years. And unlike most of his predecessors, he has managed to turn both the record and fashion worlds upside down.

Since the release in 1982 of Culture Club's first album, George and his band have broken record after record. Kissing To Be Clever sold two million copies around the world, and its major single hit, Do You Really Want To Hurt Me?, propelled the band from obscurity to overnight success that was followed by a string of international Top 10 hits. Their second LP, Color By Numbers, sold an amazing five million copies worldwide in 1984, as well as collecting four platinum records in Australia for sales that soared past the 300,000 mark. When the band toured here last year, it sold out 12 major concerts.

Though Culture Club's most recent album failed to break any new records, Boy George himself probably receives more press than any other performer today.

In an astonishingly short time, he has become a brand name: everyone has heard at least one Boy George joke, while the Boy himself has noted that without Princess Diana and himself, the world's press would be bereft. He was publicly snubbed by Princess Margaret, who called him an "over-made-up tart". Customs officials at the French border refused to allow George into their country because they didn't believe he was male as his passport indicated.

In 1983 he said during an acceptance speech for a Grammy, "Thanks, America. You've got good taste, style, and you know a good drag queen when you see one," and promptly made bigger headlines. In short, he achieved his goal of becoming "the most outrageous person in the world".

Perhaps all the talk about George's looks and sexuality would have gone less noticed if he and his band had not delivered the goods. Critics raved about Culture Club's sound. It was upbeat, rhythm and blues-flavored, influenced here by Bob Marley, there by Stevie Wonder or The Beatles, yet it was refreshing and unique.

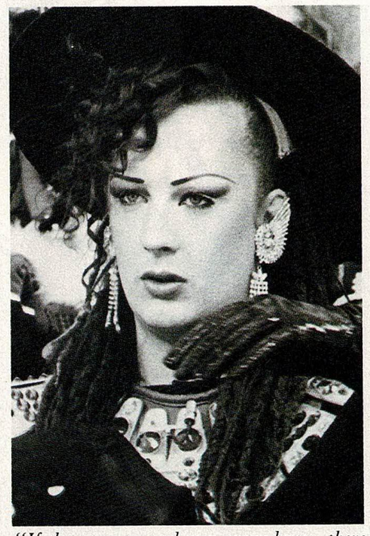
His untrained soulful voice has been compared to Smokey Robinson and the band's lyrics, mostly written by George, are clever and catchy. Even if you never were quite certain what a Karma Chameleon was, you were humming it over and over again. You and 10 million around the world who bought that single.

George was born in London to a working class family: George's father was a construction worker who sometimes coached small-time boxers. He says he has dressed up since his pre-teens (even to Catholic Sunday school), borrowing hand-me-downs from his older brother, who was a Teddy Boy and then a punk at the height of those trends.

George paid a price for his eccentricity, and was picked on at school, defending himself with a self-described "pretty fair thump" and, when that wasn't enough, a vicious wit. By the time he was 15, George was already a regular at London's punk clubs, outdoing his friends when they

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANDRE CSILLAG

"Seriously, I have nothing to hide so. . . my motto is: you should never ever do anything you're ashamed of, so I don't have anything to worry about."



"If there are no real men around now, there never were any. The fact is that England was once a nation of drag queens. Everybody looked like me."

"I'm not a poofter. I'm not a gay boy. I mean, imagine if I had those swishy mannerisms and a high-pitched voice! I'm so glad I've got a hairy chest!"

Just the thing when you're painting the town.

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dressed for David Bowie or Roxy Music concerts. He was kicked out of school when he showed up with his hair dyed a bright orange.

The club scene became his life. He would spend as much as two hours primping before embarking on his nightly tour of punk and gay clubs; not for sex, he insists, but just to be seen.

For money, George worked as a fruit picker, a clothing salesman, and once was hired to help costume a Royal Shakespeare Company production. It was when he was working in a trendy clothing store in London that Malcolm McLaren, former Sex Pistols manager, recruited him to sing for Bow Wow Wow. Months later, a new group called Culture Club was making people gasp everywhere. As George himself then boasted: "Even if we never sell another record, we have made history."

To recount some of this history, PLAYBOY *sent contributing editor* ***David Sheff*** *and collaborator* ***Vicki Sheff*** *to interview George during his Japanese tour. Their report follows:*

"We flew into Osaka, and although George wasn't ready to begin this interview, we accidentally discovered at the ancient Osaka Castle how far George's influence had reached. A group of giggling Japanese girls touring the castle were dressed as Boy George, and although they didn't speak a word of English, they were singing the lyrics to Culture Club songs.

"We wondered, what do you wear to interview Boy George? We were pondering that and other weighty questions in our hotel room when there was a knock at our door. George, who doesn't allow anyone into his private rooms, had decided that the interview was to take place in our room.

"Since this was several physical incarnations ago (he changes his appearance as often as a, well. . . a chameleon), he was at this time wearing a black-and-white checked overcoat that bloused down to his knees, covering tight grey trousers that zipped from the ankles. He used his sunglasses as a hairband to keep his long tresses away from his face. His white nail polish was chipping, presumably from superstar nail-biting. He removed his shoes before walking on the tatami mat, exposing tasteful green and pink socks.

"In photographs he seems a small, delicate man; far from it. George is tall, heavy, and large boned, even husky. He settled down on the mat and began bitching immediately. He was tired of green tea. 'All I want is a good cup of English tea.' He then volunteered, as if we were being blessed, that this was the first interview he had ever done without make-up, which meant he was only wearing foundation, eye liner and mascara, light blush, and maybe a touch of rose lipstick. We drank green tea and talked until 5am, by which time an unmistakable 5 o'clock shadow was sprouting through his make-up foundation.

"In this and subsequent sessions (some of them with the more familiar make-up on), George was bright, charming and entertaining, yet there would never fail to be moments when he was a 24-year-old kid snickering over the fact that he has succeeded (and quite well, thank you) in pulling the wool over the eyes of just about the whole world.

"On our last day in Japan, we were waiting with the rest of Culture Club in the hall of the band's row of hotel suites, preparing to head out to dinner at a Tokyo Chinese restaurant. The band members were waiting, and not altogether patiently. When someone screamed at him to hurry, George puffed back, 'Fuck off.' The band's drummer, Jon Moss, explained the delay: 'George can't decide whether or not to wear his shoulder-pads. It's tough at the top.'"

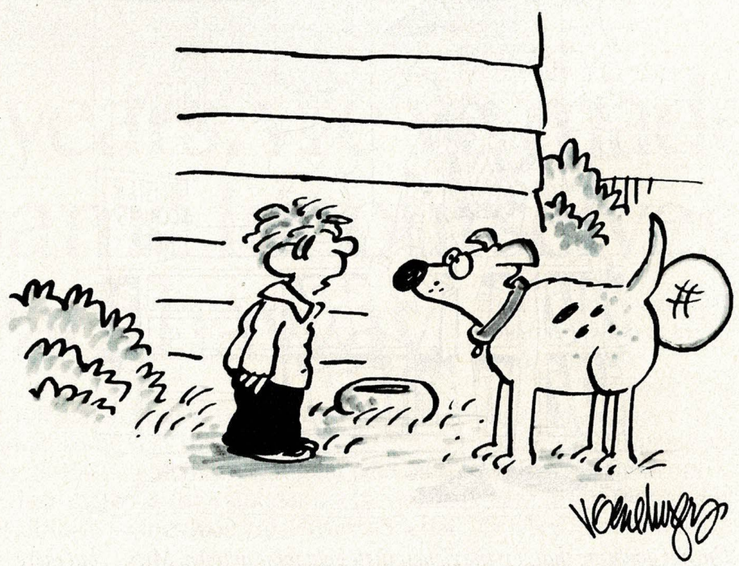
PLAYBOY: It's not as if you haven't heard this question before, but tell us again why you dress up the way you do.

BOY GEORGE: I think I look like a *pig* without make-up on: it's no more complicated than that. If I wore a skirt and a blouse I'd look a right idiot, but I don't really wear that kind of thing. More often, I wear a cassock like Arabs wear. It's a style of clothing not necessarily male or female. In England, there's another guy who looks a lot like me sort of put through a mincer. He's as fat as I am, but he wears leotards with his balls kind of hanging out the side. I think *he* looks ridiculous, whereas I think *I* look smashing. My look is androgynous, but not effeminate. I'm a big guy and I don't look ridiculous in dresses. You know, I was the first man to appear on the cover of British *Cosmopolitan*. I also did a cover and six pages of beauty shots for *Harper's Bazaar* Australia. These are things that no other man has ever done and I take pride in being the first.

PLAYBOY: Some people think you're a passing fad; others think you've had an effect beyond your looks and your music. What do you think?

BOY GEORGE: Maybe it's cheeky, but I think I'm having an effect. Because of the music, people are at least considering something they would have probably dismissed completely. I think, or hope, that people are coming around and saying, "I like him. He's okay. I'm not afraid." That's the first step. They might then accept their neighbor who is different to them. Attitudes change over long periods of time. [*shrugging*] On the other hand, maybe I haven't changed anything. Maybe I don't mean a thing.

PLAYBOY: You mean something to people who boycott your records and call your music "queer music".



"You've been eating my bubble gum again, haven't you?"

BOY GEORGE: What can you say to ignorance? They're the sort of people who would laugh at a girl who is fat. I'm not the only thing they dislike. It's a shame, but I really don't care. They're frightened, but there's nothing to be frightened of.

PLAYBOY: What are they frightened of?

BOY GEORGE: I think the thing that frightens most people is that I'm not confused in any way about my sexuality. I have many gay and bisexual friends who are really screwed up, but not me. There was never a time in my life when I kind of went, [*theatrically*] "Oh, My God! I've been in bed with a *man*!" I've always been with both men and women and I never gave it a second thought. It's always been like eating a bag of crisps. [*giggling*] And I *love* crisps.

PLAYBOY: Why do you feel that frightens people?

BOY GEORGE: Confused people wrapped up in their safe skin of so-called "normalcy" assume that everyone who isn't "normal" is screwed up and inferior. It's like the people who believe blacks are genetically deficient. It's insecurity. I'm threatening their safe little world.

PLAYBOY: Why?

BOY GEORGE: Part of it is that they think I'm promoting homosexuality.

PLAYBOY: *Should* they be worried?

BOY GEORGE: Of course not. You can't make someone a queer. It's not catching, not like herpes or a cold. You cannot make somebody gay. I think someone should get some doctors in on this to back me up. You can't make someone queer.

PLAYBOY: But you must acknowledge that, as a pop star, you are an influential role model.

BOY GEORGE: If I am, what is wrong with men being presented with different kinds of role models? I've always maintained that men weren't born to drink beer, either. Where does it say a man is born to drink beer? God, I know a lot of boys who want to be James Dean and a lot of girls who want to be Marilyn Monroe, yet they were such sad people. Are they better role models? Remember, I'm not telling people they should be like me. I'm telling people they should be whatever *they* are.

PLAYBOY: And you think they're frightened because, as you said, they think you're promoting homosexuality?

BOY GEORGE: I'll tell you the real reason people are threatened: they think if all the men were to dress up like Boy George, there wouldn't be anyone to fight their wars for them. I think a lot of the older generation think if there's a war tomorrow, all these pansies, the Hare Krishnas and the peacenik hippies, are not going to fight. They're afraid there will be no real men left to fight their wars.

PLAYBOY: How far would you have to be pushed to fight, either for your country or to defend your family and friends?

BOY GEORGE: I don't think I would have to be pushed to any great lengths to protect my family and loved ones. Defending my country is another subject for consideration. The point is that people, even when fighting for their countries, are only really fighting for their families and those close to them. People say they are fighting for their countries, but I think people are basically selfish, they fight for themselves. In that sense, every time and everybody is the same. It has nothing to do with the way someone is dressed. The early Romans, the men, screwed each other and they were butchers. King Charles dressed up and used to kill Christians for sport. Remember the days of the French Revolution and the English wars? Homosexuality was everywhere. *Those* pansies fought. Samurai had elaborate costumes and they wore make-up, yet they were incredibly violent. You can still see it in kabuki. They were violent beyond anything I've ever seen. They mutilated each other and were wearing dresses.

If there are no real men around now, there never were any. The fact is that England was once a nation of drag queens — totally. Everybody looked like me, although in fact I am very clean and they were all filthy.

PLAYBOY: But their fashion wasn't eccentric for their period.

BOY GEORGE: In Japan you see women on the streets in traditional Japanese costumes. You don't see anyone in England dressed as King Charles. Maybe that is what *I* am. [*laughing*] Maybe that is what is happening. The English are so ashamed of their culture that they are destroying it as quickly as possible.

PLAYBOY: You're giving contradictory messages: nothing changes, everything is changing.

BOY GEORGE: Things are very slow to change. But they change. Ten years ago, men didn't wear aftershave. Now they do.

PLAYBOY: Which means?

BOY GEORGE: Aftershave was considered feminine. Now we've moved on. It's manly to wear aftershave. Ten years ago, men didn't wear aftershave. Ten years ago, I wouldn't have gotten to this level.

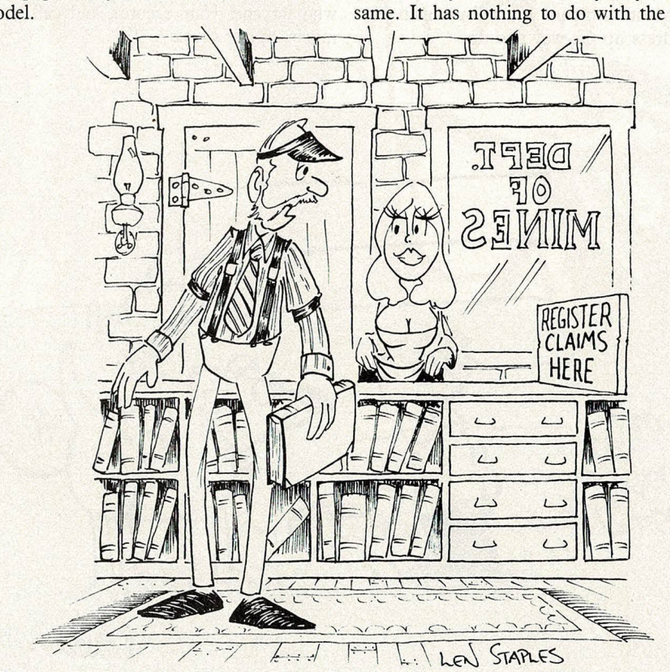
PLAYBOY: What do you think paved the way?

BOY GEORGE: Time. Logic. Affection. Those are the things that allowed me to get to this level. There is no pretence in what I do. I am honest. In a way, I am very anti-celebrity. I am not like Liberace; he's such a cover-up job. If you hide things under the carpet, eventually they're going to have to be swept out. I don't hide anything. I said I was bisexual from the beginning. And I bring a bit of humor into it; I don't take myself seriously.

PLAYBOY: You've been compared to David Bowie. *He* dressed up. *He* admitted he was bisexual. Did he help pave the way?

BOY GEORGE: Bowie and I have nothing in common. Bowie wasn't a real person. Bowie created a persona. You never really know who the real Bowie is. Bowie is clever, a genius. Whether you like what he is doing or not, he survived from an era when most people fell, and you can only praise him for that. I never wanted to be Bowie, but I was a Bowie fan because I thought his words were brilliant. What has given me acceptability has nothing to do with Bowie, however.

It's Culture Club's music, a sense of humor and the fact that I always take the



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time to explain what I am trying to do.

PLAYBOY: For a while, people were talking about you and Michael Jackson as being the forerunners of some kind of androgyny...

BOY GEORGE: First of all, I don't think Michael is androgynous at all. I'm sure he's pleased that his voice hasn't broken; I mean, it sounds fine, doesn't it? But, to me, he's male. My God, he looks nothing like a woman to me. All that stuff about him looking like Diana Ross is a joke, but that's all it is.

PLAYBOY: But what about the idea of androgyny in general?

BOY GEORGE: That merely means that women are accepting the masculine qualities in themselves and men are accepting the feminine. Men are delighted to find that they don't have to be something they're not. They don't have to be John Wayne, able to handle everything without showing any emotion. They can be weak sometimes, like we all are, and not be afraid to show it.

PLAYBOY: Sexual liberation is hardly a new concept.

BOY GEORGE: It's talked about, but how much have things really changed? Notice how men treat their wives with little smart remarks and coldness in public. When they are home in bed, they might whisper all these gentle, loving things, but never in public. I'm saying it's fine to express your emotions. It applies equally to both sexes. Androgyny means being liberated from the constraints of sex. Dressing up is just the obvious way.

The fact that I'm accepted doesn't mean that androgyny has been substantially accepted. Liberace is, too, but he's seen as a harmless oddity. As for me, I'm a pop star. There are different rules for pop stars. And though it distresses me when I'm dismissed as another Alice Cooper, it doesn't matter what people say. I *will* have an effect because we're in people's lives on a huge scale. Everyone knows about Boy George. I don't think any performer ever received so much publicity, not even the Beatles. I think I've topped everybody on that score. As a result, whether I'm taken more seriously or not, I'm having an effect.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the politics of the time have anything to do with it?

BOY GEORGE: Absolutely. In the '60s, people wore mini-skirts. It was a form of liberation. During the war, women's skirts went down to the floor. It was a sign of depression. Fashion has a lot to do with the political situation of the time.

PLAYBOY: So what does your fashion say about our political climate?

BOY GEORGE: It says people are changing; they are not buying traditional male and female roles. They're growing up. I look the way I look because it's the way I want to look. No one is telling me I should be a certain way. We are living in a time where people are free of war and people are expressing themselves a lot more.

PLAYBOY: Despite your androgynous appeal, there are more women in your audiences than men. Why?

BOY GEORGE: I don't know. Maybe it's just that women are more intelligent and open than men. Women respond to me just like they can talk to their hairdressers. But I'm not a poofter, I'm not a gay boy. I mean, imagine if I had those swishy mannerisms and a high-pitched voice! I'm so glad I've got a hairy chest! When people meet me, they always remark about how big I am. They imagine me as some sort of imp. [*laughing*] Sorry to disappoint you.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about some of the publicity you've received over the past couple of years. When Princess Margaret said you looked like "an over-made-up tart", there were headlines. You're not bad at making your own publicity, are you?

BOY GEORGE: Well, [*grinning*] you take advantage of things that come along. It was very funny when she refused to meet me; the press were very upset because they weren't able to photograph me and Princess Margaret together. They needed a photo, so I gave them one. I marched into the ladies' loo knowing full well that I would get major coverage from that. I went, "Ahem!" and marched into the loo. I wasn't surprised that when I came out, all the photographers were standing there. That's Hollywood, right? There's a lot of Hollywood in what I do. It's good fun.

PLAYBOY: You were gracious, in your way, about being snubbed, saying it was Princess Margaret's prerogative not to talk to you since you are "just a peasant".

BOY GEORGE: She's royalty, so of course she can treat people like peasants. But in truth, it wasn't long ago that she was a peasant, the same as I. Let's not forget how the royal family got where they are. They robbed and pillaged and raped. So, yeah, Princess Margaret, I am a peasant and so are you! Look in the mirror.

They had a poll in one of the English papers, asking "Was the princess rude to Boy George?" and I won three to one. In spite of all this, I quite like the royal family as opposed to any fascist dictator. Their job is not to offend anybody and they don't represent anything in particular.

PLAYBOY: You and Princess Diana end up in the same gossip columns. What do you think of the younger Royals?

BOY GEORGE: Charles is quite nondescript. Andrew enjoys himself a lot, but why shouldn't he? There are other kids of his age who go out screwing girls every night; it's just that the press write about Andrew. It's true that Lady Di and I are both entertaining the country. She has done a good job. There was an article that asked, "What do Boy George and Lady Di have in common?" We've sold more hats than anyone in ages.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about that crack you made on the Grammy Awards in 1983, which brought you a fair amount of notoriety in middle America. You remarked, after receiving an award, "Americans know a good drag queen when they see one."

BOY GEORGE: That bombed in certain ways. A lot of people in the know giggled hilariously, but a lot of other people who weren't so clever kind of said, "Oh, is he a drag queen?" What a shame: those people have no imagination.

PLAYBOY: So you really don't consider yourself to be a drag queen?

BOY GEORGE: Of course not. I dress up to look beautiful. A drag queen is somebody who has the mentality of a drag queen: a man who wants to be a woman.

PLAYBOY: We're getting into semantics now. Isn't that what makes a trans-sexual?

BOY GEORGE: A lot of drag queens are having sex changes, yes. I know hundreds. They are sad creatures; I was never sad. I didn't look anything like a woman. Listen to my voice. I might have been wearing a pair of high heels, but no one ever doubted my sex. It was more of a case of what I could do next to make everyone go, "Huh?" I wore everything. I wore skirts and fish-net tights. I'm not ashamed of it. I could give a damn, but the "drag queen" comment was meant as a joke. You have to be so careful what you say in America. In England, I said, "I'd much rather have a good cup of tea than sex," and people laughed. I mean, of course it's a joke, but in America, when I made that remark, people responded, "My God, he's celibate." People offered me *tea*!

PLAYBOY: What point were you making with the tea comment?

BOY GEORGE: Just the obsession with sex. Reporters have asked me the most obnoxious things. They're obsessed. "Are you queer? Are you queer? Are you queer?" The reason I make jokes about sexuality is because I think it's wrong when people are obsessed with your private affairs. It's social adultery — that's what my song *Black Money* is all about. You are making light of your emotions, and what else do you have?

PLAYBOY: How *do* you feel about tea versus sex?

BOY GEORGE: Tea is fine, but I do have to get my act together occasionally [*laughing*]. It's just that I don't think it should be the main topic of discussion with the public. Think about it: a kiss is putting your tongue inside someone's mouth. Kissing and screwing are the most intimate things: you are going inside somebody; somebody is coming inside you. Kissing and screwing are the ultimate. The rest is okay, but those are the ultimate.

PLAYBOY: But you're the one who's purposely made sex the biggest issue surrounding Boy George.

BOY GEORGE: I'm happy to talk about sexuality. It's an important part of our lives. It affects everything else. But that's different from betraying my own sex life.

PLAYBOY: Haven't you encouraged all the scrutiny? You've chosen to live your life as an open book.

BOY GEORGE: [*giggling*] What a book! Seriously, I have nothing to hide, so I'm not worried about it. My motto is: you should never, ever do anything you're ashamed of, so I don't have anything to worry about. People in this business always get caught. Michael Jackson's organisation keeps telling everybody he's not a homosexual. You get the feeling something's going on there. You should never try to defend yourself. But would you want every aspect of your life to be public property? Parts of the press are like flies on the wall looking for dirt.

PLAYBOY: But the media were responsible for making you a celebrity in the first place. You can't have it both ways.

BOY GEORGE: I'm aware that I never would have become this successful without the press, but the other side is that, on the whole, the press actually has no insight whatsoever into what we're doing. In our shows, you can always tell the press: they're the only people in the audience sitting down.

PLAYBOY: Does it hurt when the press write negative things about you?

BOY GEORGE: It used to tear me up, but now it's like a running game. I find I am more protective toward the other members of the band than myself. I don't like people I care about being kicked in the teeth by arseholes. If you're made of thinner stuff, some of the things they say about you can kill you.

I was very affected by the film they made about Frances Farmer. She thought to be weak was the worst thing in the world. She put everything into the world's perception of her. She was obsessed. They spat in her eye and, instead of just moving on, she couldn't cope; she cracked up. Michael Jackson should watch that film twice a day.

PLAYBOY: Why?

BOY GEORGE: Celebrities can easily get a very unreal picture of the world. They feel like the centre of the universe and some of them forget that they're not. They start to believe they are better than other people. They care too much what the public thinks.

PLAYBOY: How about you?

BOY GEORGE: It won't happen to me. I'm much smarter than Frances Farmer was. The more you let people control your life, the more you become a victim. Everybody is saying, "You should do this," and "You should do that". The other day I was going to go down to the lobby in the hotel and meet some of the fans, 'cause they're sitting down there and I'm sitting up here and I'm bored, so, why not? I'm goin' down. But then from all kinds of directions, it's "You can't go down". There was a 10-minute discussion about whether I should or shouldn't go down to the lobby. Finally, I said, "Shut up, I'm going down." And the assistants and guards have to come with me; it's their job. So I did and they did and it was fine.

PLAYBOY: Why were they trying to talk you out of it?

BOY GEORGE: Security risks, but I don't want to live that way. I do what I want to do. Tell me I can't do something and I'll do it.

PLAYBOY: At the same time, you have admitted that you're obsessed with fame. Are you sure you're as aloof about it as they say?

BOY GEORGE: I know that unless you're

(continued on page 120)

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IF I WERE THE TAX MAN

Australia's most artful tax dodger explains why the system doesn't work — and what he would do to put it right.

For more than 15 years, Peter Clyne, master of laws, self-appointed president of the Non-Taxpayers' Association, disbarred lawyer and now a self-made bankrupt, has baited the tax man in Australia and in his native Austria. He openly teaches his clients how to opt out of the tax system; it is alleged that he owes the tax commissioner more than $2,000,000; and he lives luxuriously in a $1000-per-week suite at Sydney's Sebel Town House. And he says he has paid only 58 cents in tax throughout all his widely reported court duels with the commissioner.

Professor Gordon Hawkins, head of the Sydney University Department of Criminology, wrote: "If I were the government, I'd forget

Article by **PETER CLYNE**

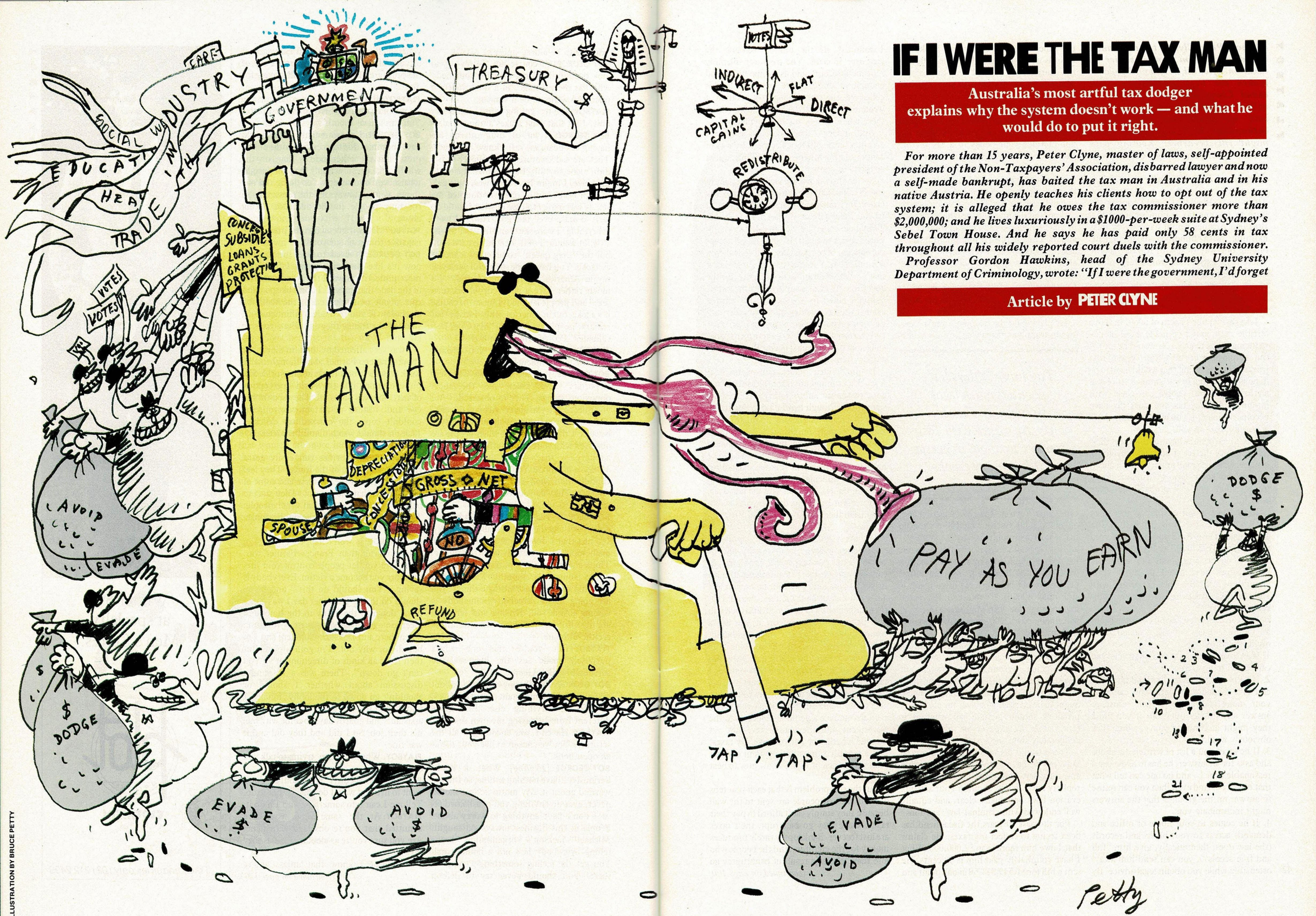

ILLUSTRATION BY BRUCE PETTY

all about Peter Clyne's tax debt, and I would make him commissioner of taxation. After all, a reformed poacher makes the best gamekeeper!" We asked Clyne whether he would be willing to take the job; naturally he said he would and with utmost enthusiasm. It is a prospect which might fill Treasurer Keating with dread, not forgetting all Clyne's clients, but perhaps it isn't such an outrageous idea after all.

●

THE FIRST THING that would happen if I were to become tax commissioner is that Brazilian Airlines would have a very busy morning, with hundreds of my clients buying one-way tickets to Rio de Janeiro. There is no extradition from Brazil, at any rate not for revenue offences, and if they get bored, they can always dine at the Trattoria Trimbole and compare notes with the proprietor.

Jokes aside, our system of taxation is in a terrible mess and I've made good money reducing chaos to chaos. It would be a lot of fun helping to create a tax system that works. The first thing that would need to be done is to give tax investigators a set of real teeth. At present, people can cheat with impunity. Income tax and sales tax have become optional. If you want to cheat, there is nothing to stop you.

Tax investigators have nothing up their sleeve except the art of bluff and the guilty conscience of their customers. If you cheat, and if you know how to frustrate a tax investigation, you will probably get away with it.

Indeed, a popular chapter in several of my books is called How To Kill A Tax Investigation. An Auckland paper referred to it as How To Kill A Tax Investigator but there is no need to shoot the man. Tax investigators have about as much legal strength as a kitten. They are armed with 18th-century weapons to pursue 20th-century crooks.

Just consider a few recent court decisions at random, many of them inspired or orchestrated by myself:

1. If an investigator asks you questions, you can refuse to answer.
2. If he makes you turn up at the tax office and give evidence on oath, you can state your name and address, then refuse to answer any further questions if you think they might incriminate you... which they obviously would!
3. If he gives you a list of written questions and asks for an answer, he has to allow you a reasonable time... and no one can tell what that might be! And even then you can refuse to answer on the grounds that the answers might incriminate you.
4. If he comes to your home or office and demands access to your books and records (the law does, theoretically, give him "full and free access"), you can send him away, ostensibly while you obtain legal advice. By the time he comes back, your books and records would no doubt be at the bottom of the harbor, or buried on top of the Matterhorn, or maybe with your solicitor, because...
5. The courts have also held, reversing a previous decision in favor of the fiscal fiend, that your solicitor *can* plead privilege and not produce your books to a tax investigator.
6. Despite the fiscal fiend's supposed right to full and free access, the courts have ruled that you can lock up your books and refuse to hand over the key. Or you can hide them, and not tell the investigator where they are, or you can put a locked box in front of him and dare him to open it forcibly. If he does, and finds documents relevant to your tax affairs, he is within his rights. If he finds nothing but faded love letters from darling Cynthia, or your grandmother's recipe for plum pudding, he might have to pay heavy damages.

By playing on the tax man's weaknesses, an unscrupulous taxpayer and his advisers can totally frustrate a tax investigation and, of course, a tax system which allows people to cheat with impunity is hardly a system at all. Furthermore, even if you overplay your hand, and despite the fact that tax penalties were recently increased, the maximum penalty for not helping a tax investigator is still only $2000. If you can delay the investigation for years, fighting a test case, and finally pay $2000, that could be money well invested.

Tax investigators have about as much legal strength as a kitten. They are armed with 18th-century weapons to pursue 20th-century crooks.

So the first thing to do would be to bring into existence a clear-cut and tough tax investigation system. The powers of investigators, and the limitations on those powers, should be clearly defined. There ought to be no need whatever for bluff. The penalties should include jail when it is found that a taxpayer or his advisers deliberately flout the system.

There would perhaps be talk of Gestapo laws, but we have clear-cut and enforceable anti-burglary, anti-rape and anti-bank robbery laws, so why shouldn't our anti-tax evasion laws be equally clear, and equally well endowed with criminal-law sanctions?

For the past 10 years the fiscal fiend has been trying to collect my taxes. He claims that I owe him more than $2,000,000. What I have voluntarily paid him is 58 cents. He sent a bill for $1,549,211.58 at one point and I rounded off the bill by sending the treasurer 58 cents. The treasurer solemnly sent me a receipt, and asked me to be kind enough to make future payments to his colleague, the commissioner of taxation. I wrote back and asked what made him think there would *be* any further payments!

And indeed "then there were none", except a bottle of Dom Perignon by way of congratulating him on one of his infrequent victories in court.

So far the poor fiscal fiend has spent at least $1,500,000 trying to make me pay my taxes. Just imagine what would happen if 10,000 Peter Clynes declared a tax strike. The whole system, if we can call it a system, would grind to a halt. Here again we accept the concept of optional tax. You cheat if you want to cheat. You stop paying altogether if that's what you want to do. Luckily, for the government, most people conform. Public opinion, aided by the media, has turned against the tax avoider, the tax evader and the non-taxpayer. So, by using bluff, fear and terror tactics, the government does collect all the revenue it needs. But that isn't a tax system. It's a non-system.

In the United States, non-payment of taxes is a criminal offence, unless there is a good reason for failure to pay. We need the same kind of tough legislation in Australia.

So much for toughening up the tax laws. But it is equally important to make them gentler, more humane, more acceptable to the community, and thus close the gap of hatred and resentment that has existed for over two millenia, all over the world, between the tax collector and the taxpayer. In other words, the tax department needs a new, friendlier image and a good PR man, like me!

Our tax system (and indeed this applies to tax systems everywhere) is totally unconcerned with the taxpayer's problems. It runs over people like a steamroller without a driver. If you don't pay your taxes, you will get a number of angry letters, then a writ, then judgement will be signed, and then you will be made bankrupt, or, if you are a company, you will be sent into liquidation.

And Section 201 of the Income Tax Assessment Act (an iniquitous provision which I would instantly repeal as soon as I sat down behind the commissioner's desk), says that you can be made to pay your taxes, and made bankrupt for not paying them, even if you have a genuine objection to the assessment and the courts have not yet decided whether or not you owe any taxes! Not a terribly sympathetic system and not even very efficient if you know how to beat it.

But the real problem is that each year tens of thousands of people are sent to the wall because they simply can't afford to pay their taxes! Once they go bankrupt, their taxes are lost forever. Bankruptcy rarely produces money for the creditor. And the people who lose their jobs as a result of bankruptcy go

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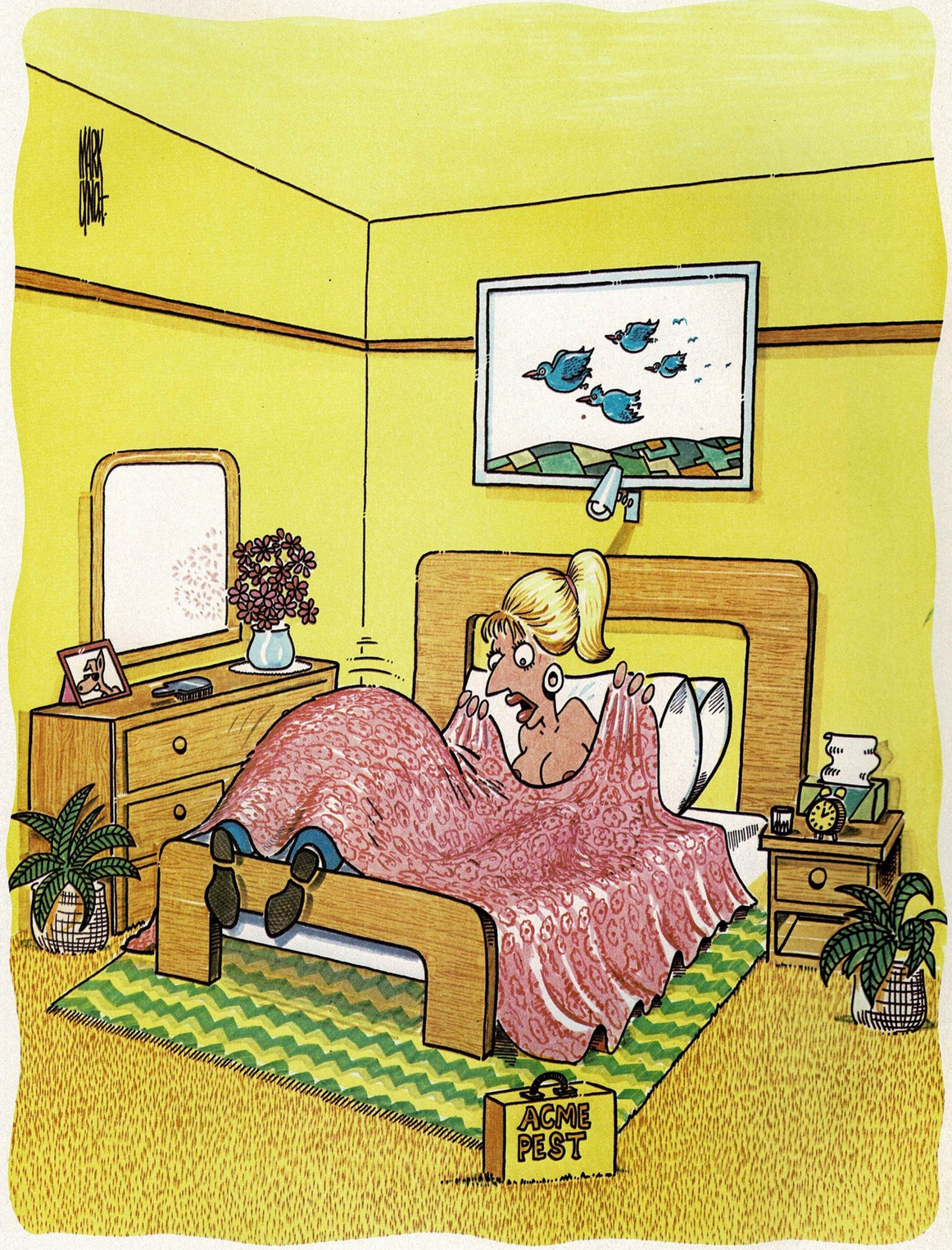


"Are you sure this is necessary? None of the other pest exterminators were this thorough!"

CATRINA

Our budding starlet
wants to be the soapies'
next superbitch.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL ANCHER

The superbitches of the TV soaps may seem unlikely heroines for a girl who wants to be a serious actress but 18-year-old Catrina reckons they're a certain passport to stardom, even if there is a risk of typecasting. "Everybody remembers the real bitch in a TV show," says Catrina. "Nobody remembers the goody-goodies — they're boring." And Catrina already has a very shapely leg into the TV industry. Her dad is a successful TV producer. "I must admit it helps," she smiles. "I get to meet all the right people without even leaving the house. And, as everybody knows, the name of this game is it's not what you know, it's who you know."

"Evil women are always the sexiest women in any show. I think they're a real turn-on for men. Most of my friends tell me I have a lot of sex appeal and if I trade on that to make my name as an actress, then I think that's a great idea."

Catrina says her father is highly supportive of her ambition to become a soapie star. And when she announced she would be doing a nude pictorial for Australian PLAYBOY he didn't turn a hair. "It's all part of the bad girl image," says Catrina. "Posing nude is still slightly wicked to some people. But look what it did for Joan Collins!"

"Acting in the soaps is fantastic experience for any actress. It's all so over the top, you get a chance to hone your skills on every emotion known to men and women. If I get the break I'm looking for I reckon I could make an unforgettable TV bitch!"

This is the 14th day of the patrol, which is a long time to be out on patrol in Malaya (they call it Malaysia now, but it was Malaya then). I am certain Shit For Brains, the second lieutenant leading this platoon, doesn't know where he is or what the hell he's doing. He never has and I see no reason for him to change. He carries a revolver, for Christ's sake: a Webley .38 which probably saw service in World War I. He is also carrying a light American M1 carbine which the whole platoon is planning to booby trap when we get back to the depot.

My crutch is itching with tinia, which is not healing although I paint myself with gentian violet morning and night so my wedding tackle looks like a horror movie.

My back is aching because we have been shambling along since first light, and my pack is carrying my poncho, compo rations, spare ammo, three Mills grenades and one phosphorous grenade, a tin of anti-malarial tablets and a tube of di-methyl phthalate which keeps the mossies away because it says so on the label. The mossies in Malaya can't read. My gut is giving me

THE WAR LOVERS

Some men are appalled by the horrors of war. Others find it a fulfilment of their manhood.

Article by
DUNCAN McCANN

ILLUSTRATION BY RE: DESIGN

heaps because it is working out ways of digesting compo rations while strapped in with a canvas belt from which dangle a machete, three water bottles, two ammo pouches and a bayonet which my sergeant-major says I can use on the enemy when cold steel is required. The fact that no one has been in a bayonet charge since El Alamein is beside the point. I am equipped to carry out a bayonet charge if so required. I just hope Shit For Brains never requires it.

My feet are aching because they are covered with leech bites where they are not covered by jungle rot, which is called athlete's foot by civilians. I am wearing canvas and rubber, high, lace-up boots which are leechproof and waterproof, but no one has bothered to tell the leeches this.

My face is covered with scratch marks, but even then it looks better than the face of the poor bastard who is point man on this farce of a patrol. He looks as if he has been mating with a bagful of alley cats. I haven't seen my face for two weeks, but I know it is no oil painting.

My arms are aching because I am carrying a sawn-off version of the short magazine Lee Enfield rifle, which was designed for the Boer War but has been modernised with a sorbo rubber butt pad to absorb the kick, and a flash eliminator which makes sighting difficult but, the sergeant-major keeps telling me, prevents the enemy having an aiming point in a night engagement.

It is irrelevant that there has not yet been a night action in the Malayan Emergency. (Not war, Emergency. War is bad for morale and the insurance policies of British rubber planters whom we are defending and who hate us almost as much as we hate them. My sergeant-major also says this is not a real war. A real war is against Germans. We're fighting the Chinese, who cannot shoot straight, he tells me, because of the shape of their eyes. He wants to find out how they feel about cold steel. I don't. The sergeant-major, being a smart bastard, is safe back at the depot in Singapore, keeping civilisation safe from the Communist hordes by sinking large amounts of cold Tiger beer and boring everyone in the mess to death about his time at El Alamein.)

The .303 Lee Enfield rifle is accurate and deadly in open ground, with a killing range of up to one kilometre. It must have been great in the Boer War, out on the veldt. In the middle of the Malayan jungle, you never get a sight longer than a cricket pitch, and its accuracy is totally wasted. And if you fire it long enough you go deaf.

I am far better off with my rifle, though, than the lance jack, a big bastard called Bristow, who is lurching behind the point man, carrying a Bren light machine gun which also uses .303 ammo and is so accurate you can shoot the balls off a mosquito at 50 paces. Bristow is lurching because the damn thing weighs a ton.

And I'm far better off than our platoon sergeant, who is acting as point man and is carrying a Sten, which is an abortion of a 9mm sub-machine gun the Brits made for the French Resistance for a quid a time. And the quality shows it.

So what am I doing here in the middle of the jungle on patrol, fighting Communist Terrorists (CTs) with Britain's finest? I'm here because I'm a military observer detached from my own battalion back in Australia and roughing it with the Poms. And I volunteered. This is at a time when we in Australia are a lot keener to be part of other people's so-called emergencies.

I am here also because General Gerald Templar has a personal shitty on against a terrorist leader called Lew Kon Kim, the bearded terror of Pahang. Templar has sent the Somersets in to drive the hairy sod and his brothers down through the jungle where awaiting him will be a string of platoons like ours who will do him a serious mischief.

The only problem with the plan, as far as I can see, is Shit For Brains. He is full of notions about king and country and getting the Military Cross. He was probably given Kipling enemas every day at his public school.

This is war and I'm here because I like it. In peacetime I use the professional soldier's prayer: "Please, God, send me a good war soon."

In front of the point man is a tracker from Borneo who is covered in tattoos and not much else. We call him Tarzan and try to find out if it is true he shrinks heads. As he doesn't speak English he is never able to tell us. He is our hope and salvation because he has a jungle Gregory's built into his head and, if Shit For Brains doesn't interfere, he will get us out of here.

The point man is gesturing toward the ground and I am off to the side and going to earth like a rabbit. If Tarzan and the point man both think there is something up ahead, there is. And it is not likely to be the ladies of Pymble College on an afternoon ramble.

In theory, we are laid out for ambush in an extended V with the light machine gun out there on the flank just like it says in the manual. In practice, the Bren is up at the sharp end and, because we have been moving single file, the platoon is laid out in the narrowest V you ever saw. I am three back from point and I run the severe risk of a sharp burst up the khyber from the blokes to the rear. This doesn't make me a happy soldier.

I have my arse and head down, safety catch off, five rounds in the magazine and two clips of ammo and two grenades laid out handy on the ground in front of me. My mouth tastes of metal, which it always does before a scrap, and I have a terrible desire to fart.

The fire-fight starts with the point man's Sten giving a quick burst and then the Bren adding a counterpoint with a series of short, sharp barks. Take my advice: using an automatic weapon, always squeeze it off four or five rounds at a time. That way you have a chance of accuracy. It's only in movies they use it like a water hose.

The noise is terrible, leaves, branches and God knows what else are dropping on my head and I can't see a damn thing. I squeeze off four rounds anyway, timing them in my skull at one a second and then press another clip in. It slips in my sweaty hands. It always slips.

Over to the left, in my peripheral vision, there is a patch of olive green moving and I squirm round and let off five shots. If I had been Errol Flynn, every one of those rounds would have been on target and I would have finished the job off with cold steel. I am not Errol Flynn and I miss. I reload and lie there awaiting developments.

My guess is we have lost contact with the CTs because both the Sten and the Bren have stopped hammering. Five minutes later Shit For Brains gets the message and shouts "Ceasefire" in his strangulated, herniated voice. Then he calls an "O" group, which consists of asking the platoon sergeant what happened. There are confirmed sightings of three CTs. None of them are bearded. We used a large amount of ammo, and severely wounded, possibly killing, several trees and bushes.

While I've been lying there a leech has managed to settle on my forearm and is fattening itself up. No one gives a shit for security now, so I light a fag and burn the bastard off. Shit For Brains decides we should continue to move forward to where he hopes to Christ our agreed final ambush position lies.

We hump our gear and start off again in single file. Fat chance of any action now. Any CTs who heard that little lot are already in Thailand. It turns out in the end that this operation is a success because ahead of us John Hands, a gamekeeper's son and 19-year-old second lieutenant in the Somersets, meets up with Lew Kon Kim and gives him instant air-conditioning. No thanks to us.

As I trudge along laden like a bedouin's wife, sweating and aching in various parts of my anatomy, I'm as happy as a pig in shit. I am a professional soldier now. A 20-year man. This is a war and I'm here because I like it. In peacetime I use the professional soldier's prayer every night: "Please, God, send me a good war soon."

On active duty there are no parades, no

(continued on page 112)

"Dammit, Miriam. . . you know weekends are for golf!"

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR

Not your average football philosopher, Wallabies coach Alan Jones is a winner in politics and rugby.

THE BRAINS BEHIND THE BOOTS

A YEAR AGO, if anyone had fed the words "football coach", "motivation" and "success" into a computer, chances are the words "Ron Barassi" would have popped out in reply. Try it now and "Alan Jones" will appear. Jones, the coach of the most successful Australian rugby union team of all time, is now in a class of his own. Alan Jones has made history.

Jones took the eighth Wallaby rugby team on a tour of the British Isles and defeated all four nations, emerging from the momentous task with both his team and himself covered in glory. And he did it against the odds.

Now, with Australian rugby hailing him as the best invention since the mouthguard, on June 29 he faces one vital Test match against New Zealand's All Blacks that will again put his unique coaching achievements on the line. New Zealand has become Alan Jones's nemesis on the football paddock. Last season's two-one Test result against the Wallabies gave Australian rugby's old guard all the ammunition they needed against this newcomer to the game at first-class level. Alan Jones, 41, had come practically from nowhere, taking the limelight in 1983 after coaching Manly to their first top-grade premiership in 33 years in the prestigious Sydney competition, and gaining the national coaching berth in a controversial selection soon after. His initial

Profile by **RAY KERSHLER**

foray into the international arena turned sour, however, after the Wallabies defeat. Jones admitted he was devastated and shouldered the blame despite his claim that it wasn't his fault that his instructions weren't carried out on the field.

But while the critics grizzled, Jones had already set about his methodical and analytical approach to the future.

"I made a decision to take the blame and that freed up the players and lowered the pressure on the team," he said after that deflating third Test loss to New Zealand. Ahead was a full-scale, 10-week tour of the British Isles, taking in Tests against England, Ireland, Wales and Scotland, but he had no idea what sort of team would accompany him. Would there be a mass rejection of the tour after the disappointment of losing to the All Blacks, or would the players take the bit between their teeth and support him?

Jones, as always, is sanguine about that trying time. "International sport is about confronting pressure," he says. "You can't be in that environment without pressure. It's not going to go away, so you have to confront it, accommodate it, and overcome it, and if you can't do any of those, you'll fail."

Such a confident response comes from a bloke who is anything but the man-in-the-street's idea of your broken-nosed, cauliflower-eared football coach. A country boy from Dalby in Queensland, he was educated at Toowoomba Grammar and Queensland University, going on to teach at Brisbane Grammar and The Kings School, Parramatta.

Though he played rugby, and coached school sides as well as an Oxford collegiate team in England, cricket and tennis have also been his great sporting loves. He played cricket with Queensland University and in Brisbane's A-grade competition, and still plays in charity matches. He was a Queensland representative tennis player as well.

But that's where his similarity with most football administrators ends. A staunch Liberal Party supporter, he contested the 1978 NSW elections in the Sydney suburban seat of Earlwood.

The result was a rare thing for Alan Jones — he lost.

Despite that setback, it wasn't the last the Liberal Party saw of him. Jones, in fact, rose to prominence as Malcolm Fraser's speechwriter, and was the wordsmith who coined one of the then Prime Minister's most famous cliches, "Life wasn't meant to be easy."

That epithet was to apply all through the Wallabies' British tour. He drove his team and himself to the point of exhaustion to achieve what many thought was, if not impossible, then at least highly improbable.

And in Australia perhaps more than any other country, winning is everything. The victor is a national hero, the loser a national disgrace. Had Jones returned empty-handed from that tour, he might easily have been one of the most unpopular Australian sporting officials in history. Instead, as word of his achievements spread, the previously minor sport of rugby union began appearing on television sets around the country. He returned acknowledged as the most successful coach in Australia.

No sporting tour lasting 10 weeks is expected to be all plain sailing. That applied to the British tour but Alan Jones kept it on the rails the only way he knew how: by winning and with plenty of hard yakka.

The first 24 hours set the tone. Within hours of getting off the plane, Jones, captain Andrew Slack, and manager Dr Charles "Chilla" Wilson were facing the press. Jones impressed the British media from the outset. He was articulate and humorous, but most of all he was insistent that Australia could win all four internationals.

The press boys couldn't believe their luck. Ask Jones a question, and with Slack and Wilson constantly nodding agreement, instead of the anticipated monosyllabic rugby-cliche'd phrases, out would come a generous discourse on the whys and wherefores. As Jones explained his philosophy: "You face the challenge of what is there. I've always been determined to turn what can seem rather a complex game into something quite simple."

His influence is powerful enough to make a player believe that if he bombs out on the field, it affects the rest of his life.

Jones's coaching style was anything but simple. "I had to give them the skills so they could overcome the pressure. I had to organise their training and the environment in which they lived so the pressure was focused elsewhere so that on the paddock they were so intellectually adjusted, emotionally controlled, and physically ready, that all the pressure could be overcome," he explains.

Jones decided that above all his team had to be fit. Fitter than anyone had been before and fitter than any opposition could possibly be. Without letting the players sleep after their long flight from Australia, he took them on their first training session at a park not far from Twickenham, the English rugby ground which was to see the first of their great triumphs. Those British press members who tagged along out of curiosity saw Jones put the Wallabies through some unbelievably gruelling routines. Senior rugby writers reported they had never seen anything like it.

It was the small hours of Thursday, Australia time, but Jones's mind was still ticking like clockwork. "That means they haven't slept in a bed since we got them up Tuesday morning. They were training at 6.30am, so perhaps I've been a bit hard, after all," he conceded. "Mind you, if you let them think they're tired, they will be tired. They have had something to do, they haven't been lying around and they've enjoyed the exercise, the stimulus of the physical challenge and the need to think. That's what we're here for," he assured the press.

One word, though, was to be drilled so hard into the Wallabies that they would never forget it. It was *think*. "Think what you are doing, think what the options are. Think what the result will be. Think what you can achieve."

Jones's forte has been to work on his team's attitude, so on the paddock the opposition has to face both brain and brawn. He never let them forget it in Britain. Never let them slacken, telling them time and time again that nothing was ever achieved without hard work.

While the Wallabies kept on training till they were, in Cockney rhyming slang, "cream crackered" (knackered), Jones continued to work at deeper levels. "I aim to treat these players as something more than footballers; to try to illuminate what opportunities may exist for them professionally," he said.

"And self-esteem is important, too. I have a saying that you can take the guernseys off their backs, the money out of their pockets, and you can get other players, but if you take away their dignity, they're gone.

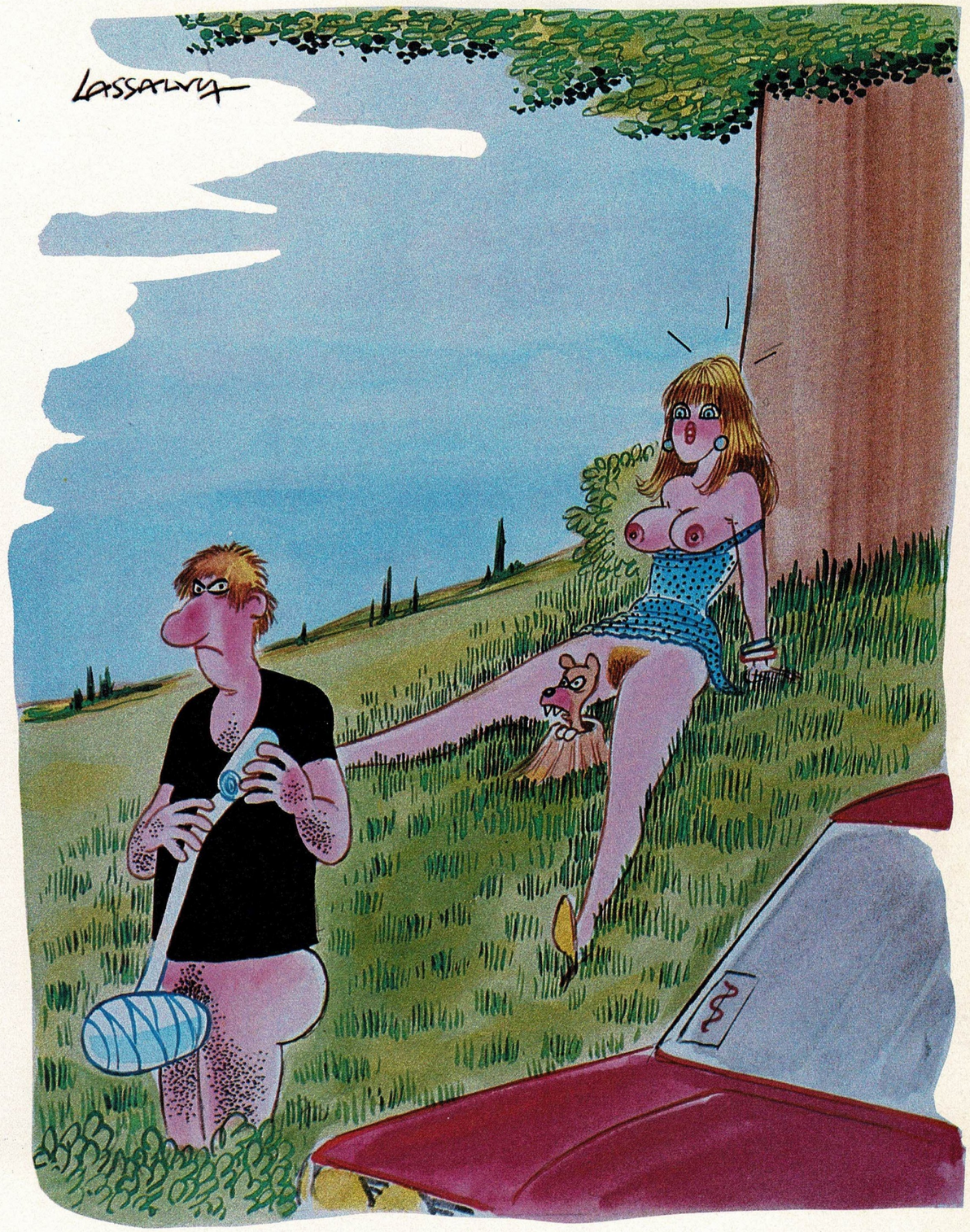
"To that extent you have to change attitudes and behavioral patterns so they are better people for the experience," he added. Because of that approach, Jones has been called the supreme motivator by both players and followers of the game. His influence is powerful enough to make a player believe that if he bombs out on the field, it affects the rest of his life.

It is a theory that reflects Jones's philosophy about the motivation of Australian youth in general. He believes the schools, family, and the Church all fail in giving leadership to young Australians.

"Young people are lost, in isolation, confused. And that leads to a breakdown in social order," he says. "You can't blame young people for that. You've got to blame the level of leadership, and I believe there's a crisis in leadership amongst the young and in the community at large.

"We ought to be addressing simple questions. People have become tied up in the statistical presentation of Australia's position and we've gone mad about economic growth. That's all very important, but we've got to direct ourselves

(continued on page 80)



LATIN LOVELY

Turning 30 doesn't have to be a drama, especially when you're as luscious as Liz.

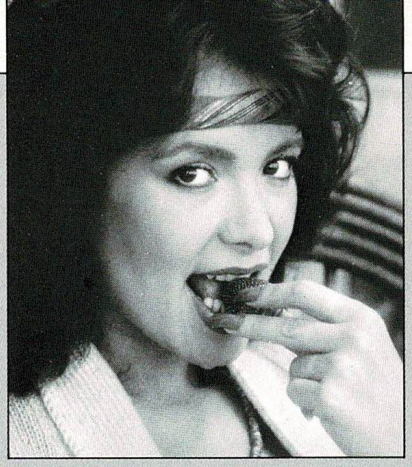
PHOTOGRAPHY BY KERRY MORRIS

When she was a teenager, sultry Elizabeth Aguilar would look at copies of PLAYBOY and dream about being the beautiful woman in the centrefold. But then, she says, she would take off all her clothes, stand in front of the mirror and look at herself, only to come down to earth with a thud. "I was too fat," she says. "I'm afraid I hung on to my baby fat all through my teens. I thought I would never be as good as the girls in PLAYBOY." But if she was such an ugly duckling, no one else seemed to notice. Pretty soon most of the men Liz met were telling her that the older she got the more like a swan she became. "I must be a late bloomer," explains Liz. "I was asked to appear in PLAYBOY after I turned 30. It was the most wonderful compliment I have had in my entire life." Liz, we can assure you, the pleasure is all ours. We just don't know what took you so long. "To me, art and beauty are the same thing. I think a beautiful body is a work of art and PLAYBOY photographs women's bodies in an artistic way. I think it's a tribute to be asked to appear in the magazine. Very few women have the opportunity and it's something you can keep forever, a sort of reminder of how beautiful you were at a certain time in your life."

"My big dream is to study drama in London or New York. I want to develop my talent as an actress. I'm very idealistic about pursuing a career in the theatre, I think if you work at it hard enough and long enough then success is inevitable. Most people I know who wanted something and went all out for it have been successful in the end."

"I consider myself a very honest and straightforward woman. I believe I have a happy, easy-going sort of nature and when I'm in love I'm very romantic and passionate. Sometimes I'm shy but other times I can be confident and aggressive!"

Elizabeth Aguilar



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Elizabeth Aguilar

BUST: 37 WAIST: 25 HIPS: 37

HEIGHT: 5'9" WEIGHT: 65 kg

BIRTH DATE: 10·8·54 SIGN: Leo

AMBITIONS: To be a successful dramatic actress.

TURN-ONS: Generous people, a night at the theatre, warm weather, champagne

TURN-OFFS: Petty and mean men, cold mornings traffic jams

FAVORITE BOOKS: The Boys from Brazil, Schindler's Ark, Harold & Maude

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Marvin Gaye, Mickey Rourke, Stevie Wonder, Lloyd Cole & Commotions

FAVORITE SPORTS: Tennis, cycling and touch football

IDEAL MAN: Adventurous type, who loves both indoor and outdoor pursuits!

SECRET FANTASY: to climb Mount Everest

Breakfast break

shopping for bargains

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A well-dressed man entered a bar and ordered an expensive bottle of wine of 1956 vintage. The barman went down to the cellar and 10 minutes later returned with a dusty bottle. The customer tasted the wine and screwing up his face said: "I asked for '56, not '55."

The barman returned to the cellar and reappeared with another dusty bottle which he duly opened and presented to the man. After taking a sip, the customer again made a face and announced: "I asked for '56, not '54."

The barman disappeared for the third time. While he was gone, a crusty old drunk who had been watching the performance walked up to the bar and held out a glass for the connoisseur's approval. "Here, try mine," he said.

"Yuk," shouted the expert, spitting out the liquid. "This tastes like urine."

"That's right, mate," came the reply, "but how old am I?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *horny Soviet official* as a hard-carrying Communist.

It was on a late-night Libertine Airlines flight that the captain announced, "We'll be landing shortly. Please fasten your seat belts, extinguish your cigarettes and return any female flight attendants to the upright position."

The sex show of Rose's now closes
With Rose in positional poses,
While the audience studs
Keep inserting their puds,
So that everyone's coming up Rose's!

A young boy was playing in the backyard when his mother saw him lose his temper and kick a chicken.

"Just for that, Matthew," she said, "you don't get any eggs for a week."

A short while later, she was looking through the kitchen window and saw her son angrily kicking the dog.

Running outside, she yelled, "Just for that, you naughty boy, you don't get any hot dogs for two weeks."

Later that day, the boy's father came home in a really bad mood and kicked the family cat on his way through the backyard.

Matthew looked up at his mother and whispered, "Well, are you going to tell him or will I?"

The man was absolutely outraged when he returned home unexpectedly to find his wife in bed with his next-door neighbor.

The husband pulled the man out of bed and dragged him into the garden, over the side fence and into his tool-shed. He then fastened the neighbor's penis into the vice on the workbench and began to sharpen a carving knife.

"Jesus, Malcolm," he pleaded, "I promise it will never happen again. I know I've been a real bastard but for heaven's sake please don't cut off my penis."

"I'm not going to cut off your penis, Bill," came the reply. "*You're* going to cut it off. I'm just going to set fire to your bloody tool-shed!"

The young husband decided he was rather bored with his sex life and eventually plucked up courage to ask his very conservative wife if she would consider having sex doggy fashion.

She was rather taken aback at the suggestion but agreed to think it over, especially after he had promised that she could have three wishes if she agreed to give it a try.

A few days later she told her husband that she'd given the matter her full consideration and she was willing to do it.

"Fantastic!" he replied. "And what are your three wishes?"

"Well," she began, "firstly I'd like a fur coat."

"Sure," he answered, "what else?"

"And I'd love a two-week holiday in Fiji."

"No problem," came the reply. "And what's your third wish?"

"I'd like us to do it in a street where nobody knows us!"

Mr Parks, I love your daughter and I want to marry her," said the young man.

"You should be told, son," responded the girl's father gravely, "that Debbie has acute angina."

"I already know that, sir," the fellow continued, "and great tits, too!"

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, *PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.*

"Mother, you told me to find a boyfriend if I wanted to get married. Well, I'm just trying to double my chances."

THE RAT-RACE DIET

Of course you abuse your body, of course you don't want to slow down. . . so here's how you can abuse your body and still stay healthy.

YOU'VE JUST FINISHED the annual physical and you're anxious to get back to work. Your doctor, though, is about to launch into his yearly speech about your lifestyle — how you work too hard, don't eat sensibly enough, worry too much, overindulge. You also know what he'll suggest: a diet that'll probably read like something the Ayatollah cooked up.

Wouldn't it be nice, you think, if some good doctor somewhere came up with a nutritional plan that acknowledged that most of us live in the *real* world?

Voila! I offer you the Rat-Race Diet, based on the principle that you shouldn't have to feel bad just because you're living well. Yes, it still makes sense to moderate your indulgences and reduce your stresses but, since we live in an imperfect world, and no doctor's prescription is going to change that fact, it *does* make sense to adapt the diet to the man, rather than the other way around. After all, unless you're seriously ill you shouldn't have to ransom your whole lifestyle just to feel healthy.

But first, some background. Whenever you rev up your body's engines to perform heroically — in times of high

Advice by **STUART BERGER**

ILLUSTRATION BY SANDRA HENDLER

VITAMINS AND MINERALS: WHERE TO FIND THEM – AND WHY

VITAMIN	TAKE FOR THESE SYMPTOMS	FOUND IN THESE FOODS
A	poor night vision, dry or rough skin, respiratory infections	liver, egg yolk, dairy products, yellow vegetables, green leafy vegetables, tomatoes
B1 (Thiamine)	feeling of low energy, irritability, headaches, loss of appetite, indigestion	organ meats, whole grain cereals, legumes, eggs, green leafy vegetables, poultry, fish
B2 (Riboflavin)	inflammation of the tongue, insomnia, eye fatigue, blurred vision, bloodshot eyes	milk, eggs, poultry, fish, yeast, liver
B3 (Niacin)	dermatitis, digestive problems, anxiety, fatigue, insomnia, headaches	liver, lean meat, brewer's yeast, whole wheat products, fish, eggs, wheat germ
B6 (Pyridoxine)	depression, sore mouth and gums, some skin problems	milk, meat, unprocessed wheat
B12 (Cobalamin)	low energy, fatigue, vision problems, depression	liver, meats, fish, yeast
Total Folates (part of B complex)	frequent colds and viruses, fatigue, depression, irritability, indigestion	green leafy vegetables, organ meats, whole grains, orange juice, wheat germ
C	easy bruising, bleeding gums, fatigue, bones fracture easily	citrus fruits, tropical fruits, berry fruits, vegetables
D	problems relating to bone growth or bone healing	sunshine, fish, milk
E	muscle cramps, muscle growth and strength, aids in healing	wheat germ, soybeans, green leafy vegetables, whole-grain cereals, fish
MINERAL	**TAKE FOR THESE SYMPTOMS**	**FOUND IN THESE FOODS**
Calcium	allergies, backaches, cramps, irritability, depression, insomnia, leg cramps	milk, dairy products, egg yolk, fish, green leafy vegetables
Iron	depression, fatigue, pallor, weakness, headaches, heart palpitations, poor concentration	lean meats, deep green leafy vegetables, liver, cereals, shellfish, dried fruits
Magnesium	insomnia, anxiety, depression, irritability, muscle tremors and weakness, fatigue, poor memory, water retention	fruits, vegetables, whole grains, nuts, shellfish
Phosphorus	muscle weakness, susceptibility to infections	brewer's yeast, wheat, rice, bran, eggs, milk, cheese, meat, poultry
Potassium	muscle weakness, fatigue, irritability, confusion, muscle cramps, constipation	bananas, lettuce, orange juice, fresh fruit, wheat germ, broccoli, potatoes, green leafy vegetables
Zinc	poor wound healing, hair loss, stress, frequent infections	seafood, brewer's yeast, milk, liver, eggs, peas, carrots, beef, wheat germ, mushrooms

pressure, low sleep, prolonged work or play — you burn up the ration of vitamins and nutrients the body needs to work efficiently. It's also just at those pressure points that you may rely on various substances to help you make it through. Unfortunately, those substances — alcohol, caffeine, nicotine, marijuana, tranquillisers, narcotics, amphetamines, even antihistamines — make major withdrawals from your vitamin stores. These depletions, significant in the best of times, make for a double whammy when you're under a lot of tension. When stress is burning up your reserves, you've got to make sure you take enough extra on board to compensate.

Stress depletes a whole alphabet of vitamins — A,B,C,D and E — but the main problems come with the B complex and C vitamins. These vitamins are particularly depleted by a stressful lifestyle. When we're in balance, they work like additives in a finely tuned engine. Vitamin B helps keep nerves running in smooth synchrony.

Without enough of it, we get anxious, depressed, irritable, fatigued and sometimes suffer memory lapses — the classic symptoms of stress burn-out. And, let's face it, the human organism didn't spend 15 million years evolving from the swamp in order to be depressed, touchy and tired all the time. Vitamin C also helps just deal with stress by supercharging the body's immune system as well as destroying toxins produced in the body.

If you're burning it at both ends, chances are you're also reducing your mineral stores. Studies show that the person under stress burns up far greater amounts of zinc, calcium, iron, magnesium, molybdenum, potassium and sulphur than his non-stressed counterpart.

With that in mind, then, I've designed the following series of meals and snacks to help keep you running at your best under the demands of the real world.

Suppose you want a pay increase and you've got the big meeting with the boss this afternoon. You want to be alert but calm, clear-headed and steady. Try the:

ANNUAL SALARY REVIEW SALAD

You'll probably find this listed as chef's salad on restaurant menus but it should include: Lettuce greens (High in B complex vitamins and C, as well as the amino acid tyrosine, for alertness)
Egg (Protein gives sustained energy release)
Turkey (High in tryptophan for mental acuity)
Tomatoes, green peppers or broccoli (High in Vitamin C)
Cheese (Protein for sustained energy release, calcium for alertness)
Yellow vegetables (full of Vitamin A)

The Salary Review Salad, eaten about an hour before the big meeting, will give you maximum levels of energy and alertness for several hours. The principle here is "less is more": you'll leave your faculties sharpest if your body isn't having to work overtime to digest a heavy starch meal. Likewise, avoid refined sugars, the junk food that sends your blood sugar soaring and then crashing down with a thud.

If there's a longer, sustained period of hard work ahead, the same principle applies: when you need the most out of your engine, run it clean. You need more than one recipe, so try the more general:

DOWN-TO-THE-DEADLINE PLAN

Go for high proteins and low fats here: lean meats, chicken and fish. And don't overcook the meats because when you're under stress that's just when you need every microgram of vitamin and mineral content. Supplement those high-protein foods with moderate amounts of vegetables and a lesser amount of fruits. Until you meet that important deadline, try to avoid sugar, caffeine and simple carbohydrates. Pasta, potatoes, pastries and bread are great before a marathon, but they create energy peaks and valleys, which is the last thing you need when you're under creative pressure. The high protein and low fat of the Down-To-The-Deadline Diet works like a natural time-release that keeps your energy level continuously high until you finish the job.

Once the work's done, you *know* (don't you?) that you should go home and get some sleep. But where's the fun in that? It feels more natural to go out and celebrate. After which, you'll need the:

OUT-TILL-3-UP-AT-6 BREAKFAST

This energiser, ultra-high in B vitamins, is just what the doctor (me) ordered. It's perfect after a skimpy night of sleep when you need to be off the block, alert and in top form for a long day ahead. Mix in a blender:
8oz yoghurt (High in the amino acid tryptophan to restore levels of the brain transmitter serotonin, depleted by exhaustion. Also rich in calcium, which helps concentration)
4oz orange juice (Rich in Vitamin C)
Handful shelled walnuts (High in Vitamin E and protein, for slow-release, sustained energy)
One tablespoon of brewer's yeast (Rich in B complex vitamins)

But let's go back to last night — just after you finished the big job. Suppose (for the sake of this article) that you had dutifully gone home to sleep. You knew you needed some shuteye, but your body wasn't co-operating. Sleep problems may be one of the first signs that you've got yourself into a high-tension cycle. Since insomnia is often caused by tension, the same nutrients mentioned earlier to give energy also help restore the balance the body needs for a sound, restful sleep. On the theory that one of the least interesting things to do in a bed is to lie awake all night in it alone, here's my:

GUARANTEED CRASH-OUT COCKTAIL

One hour before bed, mix:
One cup fresh pineapple
One cup of yoghurt (room temperature)
500mg of the B vitamin
Inositol

The pineapple and yoghurt are very high in tryptophan — a natural amino acid that helps induce sleep. (Tryptophan, which occurs in all dairy products, is why some people drink warm milk to help them sleep.) The yoghurt is also high in calcium, conducive to a good sleep. Inositol is a natural, perfectly safe sleeping aid. It's a good idea to take 500mg of the vitamin sometime during the course of the day, as well as the 500 in this recipe in order to make up depleted reserves.

You'll also sleep better if you don't eat a lot of carbohydrates before bed. When your system is busy digesting, it'll keep you from falling asleep easily.

It's no secret that many of the things that we enjoy most take a toll on our bodies' reserves. Take alcohol, for instance: years of arduous medical research have shown that whenever the human animal gets into a serious wrestling match with alcohol, alcohol wins. However, the human animal tends to forget that between times, which is why we occasionally end up needing a little help the morning after. The good news here is that reasonable attention to vitamins and minerals can take the sting out of the morning after. But first, a short course in Hangover 101.

When you metabolise alcohol, your kidneys sluice a tremendous volume of water through them to flush out the alcohol from the blood — the familiar "straightened pipes" we all know so well.

This dehydration is why your morning mouth tastes like a wombat slept in it, and why it's a good idea to drink a lot of water before you hit the sack to reduce the inevitable hangover.

But with the water go both the water-soluble vitamins — B1, B6, and B12, folic acid and Vitamin C — and minerals. These elements are vital to nervous system functioning and their depletion is a lot of what causes a hangover. That's why drinkers can be susceptible to anxiety, fatigue, irritability, troubled sleep, depression and mental confusion. Losing Vitamin C and zinc also lowers the drinker's resistance to colds, flu and whatever infections are making the rounds.

You don't have to drink to great excess to feel these effects — three pre-dinner cocktails can leave you feeling tired and ill the next day. But they don't have to. Moderate drinking is fine if you're careful to replace those lost vitamins and minerals,

HOW MUCH IS ENOUGH?

The National Health and Medical Research Council (1984) figures for an adult male's recommended daily dietary intake:

VITAMIN	RECOMMENDED INTAKE+
A	750micrograms (mcg)
B1* (Thiamine)	1.1milligrams (mg)
B2* (Riboflavin)	1.7mg
B3* (Niacin)	18-20mg
B6* (Pyridoxine)	1.3-1.9mg
B12* (Cobalamin)	2mcg
Total Folates (part of Vitamin B complex)	200mcg
C	30mg
D	Gained from sunshine
E	10mg
MINERAL	**RECOMMENDED INTAKE+**
Calcium	400-800mg
Iron	10mg
Magnesium	300-350mg
Phosphorous	400-800mg
Zinc	12-16mg

* All B vitamins should be taken together, not separately.
\+ Do not take excessive dosages unless directed by a doctor. Overdose may be toxic.

which is the idea behind the:

HANGOVER BREAKFAST

Totter out to the kitchen. . . quietly. Blend:
One egg
4oz orange juice
8oz yoghurt
One banana
A handful of almonds or sesame seeds
Two tablespoons wheat germ
1g Vitamin B1
5g Vitamin C

The egg contains about 250mg of the amino acid cysteine, which neutralises poisons in your system. The banana contains potassium, which increases brain oxygen levels, and helps your kidneys dump accumulated toxins. The B1 and C (our old standbys) are the nutrients most depleted by alcohol. The yoghurt contains calcium and tryptophan to help boost alertness and attention. Finally, the wheat germ has lots of Vitamin E and helps give you a boost of energy for the day ahead.

The depletions caused by alcohol can also be caused by caffeine contained in coffee, tea, and chocolate. Caffeine acts as a diuretic, by tricking the kidneys into flushing vitamin and mineral reserves.

This loss, in addition to the stimulation of caffeine itself, accounts for a wide range of bad effects on the nervous system, including "coffee nerves", inability to concentrate, and sleep problems. But you can undo a lot of the damage. Whether you're a two-cups-before-you-open-your-eyes kind of coffee drinker, or you just down a cup or two at work, you could use a little extra vitamin help. With the next cup, choose an item from the:

STOP-THE-SHAKES MENU

Raisin-oatmeal cookies (High in B vitamins)
Bran muffins with apricots or raisins (High in B vitamins)
Fresh orange slices or strawberries (High in C)

Health authorities have determined that 98 percent of all smokers' eyes glaze over when they read the warning labels on cigarette packs. That's not to make light of the findings on smoking, but to state the obvious: a lot of people will smoke.

What these people may not have heard is just how smoking depletes the body's vitamin reserves, and how that can be counteracted. Normally, vitamins like B1, B6 and C lubricate the human engine — particularly the nervous system — keeping it ticking smoothly and efficiently. If you're not minding your Bs and Cs, you get more anxious, irritable, jumpy (that's what "smokers' nerves" and "nic fits" are all about). The average cigarette uses up 25mg of Vitamin C. That means a two-pack-a-day habit uses up 1000mg more Vitamin C than most of us take in during the course of a day. That creeping loss kicks off an insidious cycle. The worse it gets, the more people feel they need to smoke. The result is a cumulative deficit cycle that starts looking like the government budget.

Vitamins also have a more direct role. Certain vitamins can even help protect against lung cancer and other cigarette-related illnesses. More than half of all human cancer (including lung cancer) starts in epithelial tissue, the cells lining most of our organs and glands. This tissue needs Vitamin A to develop normally; without enough, they start showing pre-cancerous changes. Vitamin A also protects directly against the effects of certain carcinogens. Recent research shows that smokers who keep their Vitamin A levels up significantly lower their lung cancer risk.

The ideal food for smokers would have ample doses of vitamins A, B complex, C, E and beta-karotene, as well as a load of zinc, which helps strengthen our anti-cancer defences.

By no small coincidence, those are just the ingredients in the:

The most essential mineral for healthy male sexual function is zinc. High zinc content is what gives oysters their reputation as aphrodisiacs.

NO-LOSE NICOTINE NOSH

Dried apricots (High in Vitamin C)
Raisins (Rich source of vitamins A & C)
Sunflower seeds (Zinc and Vitamin F)
Pumpkin seeds (Zinc)

Keep a bowl of this mix in your desk, and next time you reach for a smoke, do your cells a favor and help yourself to a few good handfuls.

Many of the patients I see in my practice complain of a general loss of interest in sex or, sometimes, trouble getting or keeping an erection. This can happen to young guys, with no history of problems, but who've gotten so anxious and tired that they're just too distracted to be interested in sex. It's the ultimate "downside risk", one of the most insidious tolls you can pay if you travel in the fast lane.

It's no surprise: Vitamins A, B, C and E all work together with the hormone testosterone to develop the normal sex characteristics, including the male's deep voice, beard, and enlargement of the prostate gland. Vitamin E is particularly vital for healthy testicles and hormone production; without enough of the vitamin both of these are reduced. A lack of any of these vitamins can turn the gain way down on our sex drive. For a lot of these men I've seen the problem disappear when they start the solid "anti-stress" regimen I outline here. Then again, when the male animal starts acting more like a vegetable, the answer may well be mineral. Manganese deficiency in animals results in loss of sex drive and a lack of semen: I've seen the same results many times in my practice. Magnesium is another secret: both impotence and lowered libido can respond almost immediately to magnesium supplements. (You should always ask for *chelated* mineral supplements — chelation is the process that puts the minerals in the form our bodies use most easily.)

The single most essential mineral for healthy male sexual function is zinc. The prostate gland and its secretions have the strongest concentrations of zinc in the body. Low zinc results not only in decreased potency, but also in the production of nonmotile, useless sperm. High zinc content is what gives oysters their reputation as aphrodisiacs.

Zinc also strengthens the body's immune system, to help keep our resistance high to colds, flu and infections.

As you might guess by now, these minerals are just those that tend to get wasted by the indulgences of a hard-driving lifestyle, and that can have its effects in the bedroom. (Why do you think the government calls these "vital strategic minerals"?) Well, if hoarding these minerals makes sense for Uncle Bob, it makes sense for all of us. We can all boost our inventory of zinc and other minerals so that when we need it, we've got it. But before you head out to gnaw on galvanised nails, try:

THE APHRODISIAC DINNER

One half pound medium rare liver (don't overcook). If liver turns your stomach, try lightly cooked fish, high in Vitamin E.
Sauteed mushrooms (Loads of zinc)
Sweet potatoes (Vitamins A, B, C & E)
Salad of leafy vegetables (More E)

Since we're on the subject, there's a more indirect way a rigorous lifestyle can take its toll on your sex life. Hundreds of drugs prescribed to help us cope with high-stress conditions are notorious for causing impotence. The most commonly prescribed drugs for blood pressure, nerves, or ulcers, all can have this side effect. Check this possibility out with your doctor if you take any of these.

So the bottom line is that you don't have to move to an ashram, start running 60 kilometres every morning, or go macrobiotic to stay healthy. Of course, if you *want* to, great, help yourself.

But if not, what you can do is arm yourself through your food with the proper nutritional support you need for the stresses of your lifestyle. By making your diet work you can get the extra nutritional support you need to survive — and even flourish — in the fast lane.

"Sorry to appear so cold and unresponsive, Millicent, but that's what elevator music does to my sex drive."

BOOTS (continued from page 58)

Jones: "I take the Gucci view about hard work: long after you've forgotten the price, the quality remains."

toward emotional growth, intellectual growth, spiritual growth, and physical growth."

Jones, the philosopher, concentrates a lot on this holistic approach toward personal development and has honed his own skills on some of the biggest men in the land. It was Jones who wrote speeches for Malcolm Fraser and had the task of marketing him to the electorate until he suddenly left politics. The main difference between Jones's experience with the Wallabies and the Prime Minister was Fraser had the final say. If it had been any other way, who knows, things might have turned out differently.

"I would have preferred Fraser to have done some things differently," says Jones, "but his judgement was to prevail over mine. I think the obligation of leadership is really to seek to lead in a national perspective and that requires tackling fairly basic questions such as 'Do we work hard enough?' and 'Do we look for short cuts?'

"Those are urgent questions we must ask ourselves and all of them relate as well to winning rugby matches." As you can see, Alan Jones doesn't think small.

"There were times when working with Fraser was a lot like my half-time team talks," he recalls. "Maybe Fraser lost confidence, or there were outside pressures, or unjust criticism got to him, and I would say, 'Come on, let's get into these people, we'll get after them and can win,' and he'd appreciate it."

There's another similarity between politics and rugby, and that's the need for full-time commitment. When the Wallabies returned from their British tour, Jones ordered the team to take a complete rest from the game, but even then he remained in close contact with his players, socialising and talking over things. There was always a lot of talking. All part of this season's preparation, his own homework never stopped.

"I was worried at the beginning of this year about our preparation against the All Blacks, whether the right attitudes were ingrained in the players. One of the players told me they were. I am needed less and less at half-time.

"The players must be capable of making their own judgements. They know I expect them to do that because I consult with them about who's in the team, how we should play it, what we should do, what the training sessions are aiming to achieve. The boys have got to think about it and have an input too.

"At the same time I don't want them to become mentally tired. If anyone's to be mentally tired it has to be me, because I don't have to perform on the paddock."

Jones realised the limits of the players on that British tour which was made worse by a crowded itinerary that saw the Wallabies play four Test matches in six weeks. He acknowledged later that he and the team were near exhaustion at the end.

When asked if he ever felt he was going to crack up, he replied, "Oh, no, I'm very tough. But in preparing for each game we needed all our wits available. It's exhausting and I'm very tired, but it's not a tiredness that sleep can cure. Perhaps it's a new challenge.

"I don't feel tired getting up at 5.30am. You're motivated to do that because your judgement tells you the team needs only to be given the right direction and they'll make it. I was motivated on tour because I felt we'd get where we aimed to go but nonetheless it was going to be hard work and the job needed to be done. But then I find that pretty exciting."

Many senior players were stunned by the lengths to which Jones drove both himself and his team.

"He certainly leaves no stone unturned," said Australia's star five-eighth Mark Ella after the Welsh Test triumph. "He analyses everything. He knows the opposition's weaknesses. He knows their strengths. He knows individual players in opposing teams and then plans to take away their advantages. And he has this amazing energy."

Jones reckons that if winning rugby matches is your business, then you've got to do your market research. When he arrived in Britain he knew the grand-slam opposition would play set-piece rugby, concentrating heavily on the scrum and lineouts. So he took bigger men and more lineout jumpers. He played four jumpers in the first Test and annihilated the opposition. At the same time he had to deal with the controversy surrounding four dropped players, two of whom were veterans. But Jones will always fly in the face of such criticism because he is absolutely sure of his motives.

"It's not difficult to drop a player if in your own mind you're picking the best team," he replied. "If, on the other hand, you're in the business of favoring somebody, then it's difficult explaining to a player why he isn't in, because there's a hollowness and a lack of sincerity about what you're saying. I say to my people the only thing I owe them is the truth and I'll always give them that."

The truth according to Alan Jones was sometimes not what the players wanted to hear, but the taskmaster remained always an inspiration and undeniably the boss.

"When Alan Jones says jump it's only a matter of how high you can go," says veteran Queensland prop forward Stan Pilecki, who made the tour aged 37.

Jones can cajole in one breath and criticise with a lethal tongue the next. He can turn players red with embarrassment if he considers they're not pulling their weight or not concentrating. No one is spared, but somehow it brings home the results.

The classic case was his treatment of replacement winger Ian Williams, who flew over halfway through the British tour when Brendan Moon broke his arm. Williams, unaccustomed to the rugged routine at his early training sessions, had done something to annoy Jones. It was a cold, damp, dark evening in a Lancashire village, but after the coach had finished his tirade, Williams's embarrassment could be seen even in the dark.

Then, within 30 seconds, it was Mark Ella on the end of a stinging Jones attack. Every player was equal. Next day, Williams scored two tries and later in the tour Jones suggested that Williams had played the best game of any winger wearing an Australian guernsey. Ella was simply the star of the tour.

The tightrope that Jones walks means weighing up all the strategies with the spontaneity of the game. His motto is: "To win without risk is to triumph without glory," and his players know it too. They know they have the freedom to create on the field, but are being evaluated all the time and face censure after the game.

The same went for the whole 10-week tour in terms of business and pleasure. Jones's motto was: "You can play up all you want, as long as you front up." And the players knew it. Early on in the tour a few of the boys had enjoyed a drink too many one Saturday night, and it was all Jones needed to make the next day's training session the hardest of all. "We are not," he told them, "here to see the sights."

Jones was far from satisfied with the team's early performances. They had netted only three wins out of the five games leading up to the first Test against England. So the pressure was on. After one training session in the pouring rain at Cardiff, NSW breakaway Simon Poidevin, who's acknowledged as a fitness fanatic likely to train on by himself while his team-mates are in the showers, said he'd never trained so hard in his life. It wasn't a complaint, but a statement tinged with admiration for his own ability to survive.

For other Wallabies it was all getting a bit too much. Some players felt Jones was working them too hard and that they were leaving their form on the training field. "We're so fit it takes us half a game to get warmed up," was one ironic complaint.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER SIMONS

No matter how tough Jones can be on the training paddock, no one can criticise his winning style.

The murmurs of dissent had started.

Tough Queensland prop forward Andy McIntyre said of Jones and the occasional bleats from some players: "Well, he's the coach and all coaches are hated. That's what they're there for, to be hated."

Jones privately acknowledged the tension, though he revealed later he only occupied the players' time for three hours each day. "It was a far from spartan existence," he said. "Outside of training they were free. They must have time for themselves to recharge their batteries for when they meet me.

"It's fashionable for the blokes to moan because it's unfashionable for them to express their support and admiration if it's there," he admitted. "I don't think they see me as the dragon they might have imagined." In the end no one could criticise a winning coach. Not even the players.

Jones summed it up after the Scottish Test match which won the Wallabies their precious grand slam: "I take the Gucci view about hard work: long after you've forgotten the price, the quality remains."

The same goes for his life off the rugby pitch. The man who coined one of Australia's most quoted political maxims still believes enough in its sentiment to challenge radio king John Laws in the cut-throat battle for Sydney's morning listeners. Jones recently left his post as executive director of the Employers' Federation of NSW, where he represented employers in industrial relations battles, to fill the 9am to 12 noon talk-back spot on radio 2UE.

The station's program director, Mark Collier, claims Jones's strong character and positive viewpoints would stand him well against competition such as Laws.

"Jones entertains through communication and his effusive personality. He's a great speaker," Collier said, "and that was proved with his two-minute standing ovation after he gave this year's Australia Day address at the National Press Club."

When he's not speaking publicly, or answering Sydney's talk-back audience, Jones remains a very private person who indulges himself at the theatre, the opera, and in political biographies.

With such a resume, he's perfectly tuned for a position in Australian conservative politics, but he rejects suggestions that he's using rugby as a stepping-stone to a political career.

"It's absolute horse manure," he comments. "I was in politics long before I coached a national team. And certain principles apply to both. We've got to get away from second-rate sporting development, and second-rate performances from our politicians. We must develop excellence throughout the community and learn to accept the performers, not the mediocre."

Second is simply not good enough for Jones, but the master of positive thinking even has a few comforting words about defeat: "You have to learn to win and lose with dignity. I don't seek scapegoats when a team loses. I seek to redouble my efforts and find reasons for defeat so they don't occur again."

From any other coach such words would be mere rhetoric, but Jones is a winner's winner. It's no wonder he turned down a safe Liberal seat in last December's federal election to take the Wallabies into battle for the grand slam. His enthusiasm for victory made them believe they were the best rugby team in the world, and he was able to motivate his players to beat anyone who stood in their path.

The All Blacks are next, and the way the relationship between New Zealand and Australia has been going this year it should be a lively match. And after that? He may decide that the Liberals could benefit from his deft touch again in some key area. And while he may earnestly believe that life wasn't meant to be easy, he's a living advertisement for the rewards which come from working hard. And that, perhaps more than any other quality, makes Jones a man for our times.

THE THINKING MAN'S GUIDE TO BETTING SMART

Luck has nothing to do with winning at the races, first you have to learn to think like a bookie.

YOU FIND him in every pub and club in Australia. He calls himself a mug punter, but he doesn't truly think of himself as a mug because he believes the game is rigged so he can't win. Still, he dreams of beating the bookies and winning a fortune.

Every week he punts again and loses again, and wonders why the punter must lose or if there is really any way to win. In all the uncertainties of racing one fact stands out: most punters could bet a lot smarter than they do. The first step is to combine *punting* and *thinking*.

Winning is sweet. A man would rather win one dollar than work for 10. Small wonder that gambling is universal and that governments cannot stamp it out. Australian men punt mostly on horse races, and it's estimated that two million or so Aussies regularly place bets on flat race meetings, night trots and dogs. The large wonder is that most lose money and go on losing money.

Governments are grateful to punters because they tax all but starting price (SP) bets. Race clubs are grateful, too, because they receive their cuts. Bookmakers are grateful to punters for obvious reasons, while breeders, owners, trainers, jockeys and strappers are grateful because punters keep racing alive. Most punters, however, would rather have less gratitude and more money. Explanations for why punters lose so

Turfmanship by **HARRY ROBINSON**

ILLUSTRATION BY HECTOR GOMEZ

consistently have ranged from masochism to deeper sexual deviations, and from silliness to the notion that betting is light entertainment so the betting man is willing to pay for his fun. That notion is true enough for the man who picks out two or three horses on a Saturday morning, goes to the TAB, puts $10 on each to win and listens to the radio during the afternoon. Winning or losing won't affect his life much.

But there are hundreds of thousands who dearly want to win and who lose more than is comfortable, mainly because very few of them know much about betting nor pay it much attention. You'll hear them talk about horses and form, fancies, favorites, stable information and how to pick a winner, but very rarely about betting techniques.

Robbie Waterhouse used to say, "Success is 10 percent picking winners, 90 percent knowing how to bet." An exaggeration perhaps, but he won a great deal of money before being warned off after the Fine Cotton scandal.

Bookmakers scare most punters and that goes for both the legal, on-course bookie and the illegal, off-course operator. Amateur punters believe the myth that bookmakers make piles of money because they always arrange their books to win no matter which horse comes home. That's the aim, but in practice it's impossible. Bookies can lose and often do, but those who survive do so because they are good at betting.

It is worth taking a few leaves from their books. A good bookmaker studies form, but not to pick winners. He knows that trying to pick the winner of any race is futile. Nobody, not even a fixer, can know which horse will win. What the bookie can do is assess the chances of each horse and express those chances in odds, or prices. If he reckons Blue Boots has one chance in 10 of winning, then the true odds are 9/1. The bookie tries to get the punter to take shorter than true odds — 8/1 or 7/1 — or less if they will bite. The market will push his prices up and down, but he will try to keep them so he'll have an edge on the punter all the way.

By contrast, the punter will try to pick the winner by cursory study of form or by listening to gossip or by heeding tipsters. He may hear a radio expert say Blue Boots ran well three weeks ago to be beaten by a head, but should be ready to salute the judge now. On that slender basis the punter will invest his money on Blue Boots at the best price offered, regardless of whether he has any idea of the true odds. This is hit or miss, mostly miss. Many will put their money into the TAB or the on-course tote although they cannot guess what their odds will be and are oblivious to the fact that the tote takes 15 percent out of the pool every time, up to 18 percent on exotic bets. They start at a 15 percent to 18 percent disadvantage which they can overcome only by extraordinary skill (rare!) or luck (rarer!).

Thinking and punting seldom came together in the first century or two of thoroughbred racing. Australia's first thinking punter was Fred Angles of Sydney, who, in the 1930s, used form study, photographs, calculations, a little information and an agile betting brain to live well by punting for more than 20 years. Fred would not take false odds, nor would he bet on a race if he didn't see a profitable risk. He didn't make a fortune, though, because his betting was instinctive rather than planned. Some followed his ways but they kept quiet about it.

Jack Pethebridge of Melbourne developed something like the Angles approach in an amateur way and he found winners. But his betting was whimsical.

Angles's most public successor, Don Scott, developed a form technique that converts all factors in racing, such as barrier position, quality of jockey, and state of the track, to weight in kilograms, which then leads to ratings. Scott uses his ratings to predict future races, sorting out those horses which can win from those which are out for a run. He goes further: he uses his figures to express a horse's prospects as a price and he will not back it unless he can get that price or better. He does not pick winners. He finds three, four or five horses in a race and bets according to what he regards as their true prices. Scott applies science to the art of handicapping. And wins.

Now detailed handicapping is desperately hard work and takes great swatches of time. Computers, however, can come to the rescue, able to store huge piles of form data on vast numbers of horses. They can apply all kinds of correction factors, and can calculate true chances as odds. The home punter can avoid much of the hard work by buying the magazine *Computa Form*, by subscribing to the *Aimer Racing Weekly* or to Warren Block's computerised service from Canberra. (Don Scott is a partner in that enterprise.) Block also offers a phone service to subscribers which expresses a horse's chances in percentages easily converted to minimum prices. More computer services are springing up, and so long as they offer ratings and not sure-fire winners, they can be valuable. The home punter still has the fun of using some judgement, but he avoids the hard yakka.

Even at that, punting is not meant to be easy. Dozens of choices and decisions remain to challenge a man's brain. For instance, the thinking punter will choose his races. He will know that some events are no-nos, mainly those where too little is known about the horses. Steer clear of novices, maidens and low-grade restricted races. Yes-yes races are weight-for-age, set-weight events, classics and better class handicaps, where the mounts are of proven quality and you know all about their recent performances.

A strategy emerges. The thinking punter (TP) will: choose the right races; select a handful of the most likely runners in each event; assess each selection's real chances and thus arrive at true odds; and bet only when he can get those true odds or better.

So far, so good. One more step and the grand strategy is complete. The TP will manage his money carefully and bet to a pattern. It does not have to be rigid, but it should have firm guidelines. It is no use outlaying, say, $100 on each of three horses if one is 2/1. The TP virtually makes a book of his own. It is smaller and simpler than the bookie's book, but a book nonetheless. The principle here is that each race is a self-contained event. There are no averages or streaks. TP will not say, "I lost on the previous race so I'll double my stakes on this one," because disaster lies that way. Neither will he say, "I'm having a bad day, but I'll get even on the last." That way lies hysterical betting and more disaster. There never will be a last race. There is only the race in front of TP and it has to produce odds in his favor.

No two bookmakers make books in the same way. Each fashions his own technique, and, similarly, every TP will fashion his own mini-books. Suppose he has a bank of $2000. He will never invest more than $200 or 10 percent of it on any one race and, preferably, he will play with less, knowing that at the best of times he must expect a run of losses. If he is realistic, he will know it is futile to look for bonanzas from racing. Successful bookmakers are delighted if they keep two percent of their turnover at the end of the year. Our TP might scale his betting to look for an average profit of, say, $50 or $60 on a race. On some he will make more, but he must make provision for losing events.

A simple TP book could look like this:

HORSE	PRICE	STAKE ($)	RETURN ($) INCLUDING STAKE
A	2/1	50	150
B	4/1	40	200
C	7/1	30	240
D	12/1	20	260

Total outlay $140. If A wins, the profit is $10. If B comes in, the punter wins $60. Horse C will be worth around $100 and D will return $120. Good business. Horse A won't show much gain, but it will guard against loss, while B, C and D will return from 43 percent to 85 percent on turnover. A punter who could keep up that kind of performance would grow very rich. In real life, nobody keeps it up because losing races come as sure as sunset.

Our TP can also use the technique known as "crossing" the odds. Suppose he wants to back two horses in a race, he will "cross". In the calculations, work on the principle that 2/1 means that a horse has three chances — one to win and two to lose. Therefore, in the crossing technique, add the two figures of the odds together. In this example 3/1 becomes a betting factor of 4 and 5/1 becomes a betting factor of 6.

HORSE	ODDS	BETTING FACTOR	STAKE ($)	RETURN $
X	3/1	4	6	24
Y	5/1	6	4	24

Wonderful business. Total outlay is $10, with a $14 profit. Crossing can be extended to cover three or four horses.

Staking plans abound, some good, some bad. Any which suggest increasing bets to make up losses are highly suspect. A good staking plan will not be rigid and will serve the main purpose of keeping investments under control. If it is too tight and complex it will fall down in the heat, speed and noise of the betting ring, but if the punter's betting is too loose, he will fall down.

We have been assuming that TP goes to the track to place his bets. Suppose he can't go and has to bet from a distance. The TAB will drain his money if he simply bets to win or each way. The TAB always wins.

But there is a way to beat it: cross-coupling of multiple bets. Select five horses in each leg of the daily double and couple them one and all. You will have a long list of bets to place. One professional punter sometimes takes 40 minutes to phone in his wagers with the TAB. But he usually wins, sometimes handsomely. A gifted punter can push this approach through to trifectas and make money, but the illegal bookie is more attractive to the straight punter.

Nowadays, illegal bookies with imagination and enterprise do not insist on punters taking starting-price odds. They pay for price services from the courses (also illegal) and will take bets at fixed odds. It is not the same as shopping around the ring, but it is far, far better than betting blind which is what happens when you accept starting prices. The traditional SP bookie is now old hat. TP has a chance with the illegal bookie, who has up-to-the-minute prices smuggled from the course and will take bets at stated odds.

So we have a sure-fire strategy bound to toss profits into Thinking Punter's pocket? Let's not be foolish. Anything as sure as that would be as exciting as government bonds. Risk makes fun. TP must still use his nous, judgement and whatever flair he possesses, and if he works to these strategic principles he might win, might break even, and might still lose a bit. It's a sure thing, though, that he'll get more of a buzz out of smarter betting.

UNCLE JACK'S EVENS

HE WAS a pretty clever man, an intellectual in fact, but his intellect missed out on one vital factor in a campaign to beat the bookies. Uncle Jack Pethebridge was a senior scientist in the Department of Supply, which bought hardware for the armed services. Conventional and respectable, but he had a bee in his bonnet. He believed it was possible to pick a fair proportion of winners by applying his science.

Twice a week he bought the *Sporting Globe* and sat down to examine the race pictures, magnifying glass in hand and calipers at the ready. He would go over all the previous week's races and measure the beaten margins. From those figures he would work out how long it took each horse to run the distance and, converted into time per furlong, this went into his file card system, one card per horse.

He entered other factors too, a plus for an expert jockey, a minus for an apprentice, a small figure for a block or a check and so on. Come Friday night, Uncle Jack sat down with the acceptances for the Saturday meeting and worked out how long it would take each horse to run his distance on the morrow. He had various correction factors such as allowances for the expected state of the track, barrier positions and other things which affect a horse's running. In a simple way he was doing what some of the most sophisticated betting men do today with computers and video tapes.

Did Uncle Jack's method work? Yes and no. It worked so far as picking winners went. Every season 50 percent of his choices won and 66 percent were placegetters. He should have been rich. Trouble was, he had no betting system to apply to his selections. He would go to Flemington or Caulfield and bet as thoughtlessly as any mug punter. Some of his choices were ignored, some were backed for far less than they were worth, and he went so far as to listen to track rumor, drop his own selections and back hyped favorites.

At the end of each season the family would say, "How did you come out, Uncle Jack?"

He would reply: "About even," which meant he had lost money on the season. Winners are of little use to the punter who does not understand smart betting.

SONNY'S $2000 JOKE

IN THE USA, bookmakers are banned, but the State of Nevada licenses sports book operators, gentlemen who are allowed to run betting shops.

Sonny Reizner runs The Hole In The Wall Sports Book inside the Castaways Hotel/Casino in (where else?) Las Vegas. The Hole prospers largely thanks to Sonny's effervescent personality and expertise, which came from a lifetime of gambling as a way of living, and living very well. He is an expert on baseball and football and not a bad judge of basketball. Underneath all that he is an expert on odds.

One recent winter, Sonny found himself relaxing in company with a few illegal bookies in Florida. Offhandedly he asked them how long they would give him to throw dice to come up with double one, double two, double three, double four, double five, and double six in that order. No other throws counted for anything. If he was looking for double three and double four should come up, that wouldn't count. He stressed the doubles in their order and warned the bookies that he could throw pretty fast. They went into a huddle and came back with a $2000 bet that he couldn't do it in an hour.

Sonny hugged himself inside. The bookies became difficult about conditions and distances and, like a good conjuror, Sonny added a touch of misdirection. With only 12 minutes gone he had worked up to double four and was forced to create a kerfuffle about the time. He didn't want his bookie friends to feel too bad when they lost, so to spin time out, he pretended to drop and kick the dice and one way and another slowed himself down.

All the same, he had double six within half an hour. The trick was that Sonny knew his odds and the bookies didn't: throwing double anything in dice is a 35/1 chance, which means your double one will come up once in 36 throws and the same for double any other figure. By throwing fast he could complete his doubles in order in six minutes.

Try it for yourself and count the number of throws you need. The total won't be much more than an average of 36 for each double because that is what the odds say and odds are the essence of successful gambling.

VANITY

The horniest woman in pop will make you rock hard.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DANIEL POULIN

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE

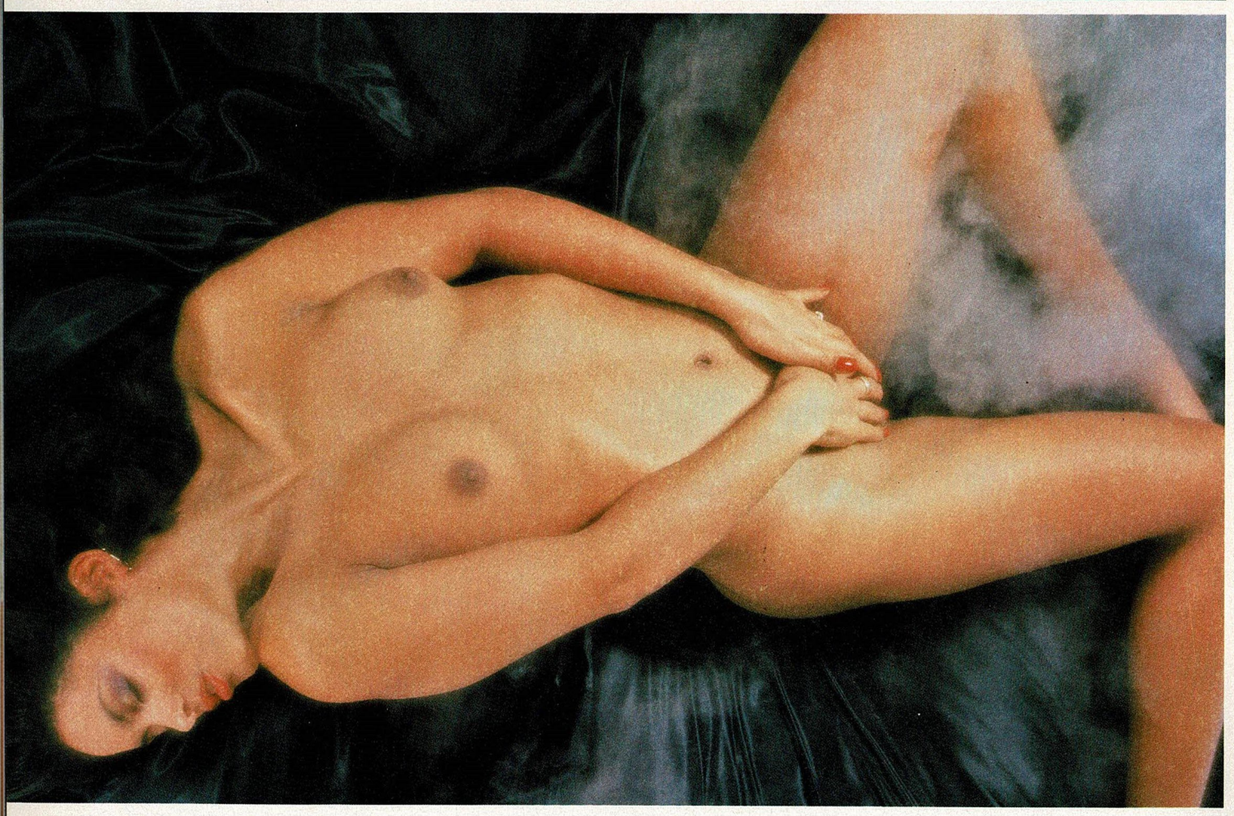
PHOTOGRAPH BY VINCENT/LGI

When a woman goes onstage wearing only her underwear and sings about how much she likes large male sex organs, that woman is probably sending the world a message. And the world, apparently, likes what is coming across, because Vanity is now one of the hottest solo stars in rock.

Born Denise Matthews on the Canadian side of Niagara Falls, she was named Vanity by soulmate Prince, who met her at the American Music Awards, and was very impressed. And it's not easy to impress Prince. He's so infatuated with himself it takes a special kind of woman to get him to take his eyes away from the mirror. But Denise did it and the two became a hot item on the pop scene for a while. It was a match made in media heaven — the most sensual male star in pop and the most sensual female star. Naturally it couldn't last. Prince went on to make his hit movie *Purple Rain*, Vanity continued to arouse audiences everywhere as the lead vamp in the trio Vanity 6, who all wore lacy lingerie onstage and sang songs about the joys of sex remarkable for their absolute lack of subtlety.

If you saw Purple Rain, you didn't see Vanity 6. That's because its leader and Prince's former paramour took a powder just before that film went into production. Above left, Vanity and her partners from Vanity 6 — Susan and Brenda. Below left, Vanity in the video from her single Pretty Mess.

By now, the story of how Vanity got her name is famous: she met Prince at the American Music Awards. He swooned and later named the former Denise Matthews "Vanity". The former Denise Matthews thinks she reminds him of himself. Not in this shot.



Yes, Vanity is well known for her sexy lingerie. She and Vanity 6 revolutionised rock fashion with lace. In fact, Vanity claims that as a child she used to secretly try on her mother's neggies in the closet. We thank her for coming out of the closet in later years.

We take special pleasure in these erotic photographs of Vanity, taken as she posed against a stark, satin-draped set, sans lingerie, proving something that we've always maintained to be true: clothing does not necessarily make the woman.

A LETTER

You can judge a man by the woman he keeps . . . and the friends he cannot keep.

MY GOOD FRIEND,

I write in a cloud of hand-made Havana, a fine French wine uncorked on my desk. The cigar is a Monte Cristo, the full corona, that decent length, the wine a '74 Chateau Margaux. I tell you these things, my good friend, I list them here, not to browbeat you, not to boast. I do not seek to impress you in that crass way. I am no braggart, no self-trumpeter. You know that of me. You know that at least. No, my purpose is otherwise. It is to indicate to you, my good friend, that I am at my ease, I am relaxed, I sit here entirely unhurried, perfectly calm.

But, my good friend, don't misunderstand. I am not drunk. Not in the slightest! Not in the least! I have made myself neither muffled nor muddied. I am not blurred, not besotted, certainly not sozzled, I am not, God forbid, sloshed. In fact, the opposite! Quite the reverse! My brain is sharp. My thoughts are clear. They have never been so clear. They are as sharp and clear as pinged crystal, the crystal of, say, the wine glass I reach out and ring now with my finger. Do you hear it? Or fuller, deeper, the ping of the weighted decanter on the tallboy to my right, from which, incidentally, when my business here is done, I shall take my nightcap, a dram of noble Glenfiddich, that blessed single malt.

We are a little way from that moment yet.

It is midnight. I sit in my study. No need to describe it, you know it well. Have we not sat here often enough, my dear fellow, talking, laughing, enjoying a private moment, a quiet drink, reflected together in the glassed bookcases, side by side in these comfortably creaking black leather chairs? You have it? You can see it? You can summon up the scene? This is important. Let's get it right, old chum. Let's get it exactly right. You will need the sounds too. Allow me to supply them: let me give you, first, the gold-nibbed march of my Mont Blanc across this stiff paper, the lip kiss of cigar inhalation, the soft puff out, and now the wine, ah, the silence, the breathing, the lovely liquid tumble as I refill my glass.

You have it?

You have it now?

It is, as I've said, midnight. The household is asleep. The dogs in the laundry, the cat in the kitchen, each in its proper place. The children too, Sebastian and Melanie, in their rooms upstairs; Sebastian's the first door off the landing to the left, Melanie's beside it, the second. Do you know those rooms, old pal? Looked in, ever? Been inside? Sebastian's with its fine boyish clutter, his kites and swords. Melanie's with its pink-patterned wallpaper, tidy and neat.

And to the right, the other way along the landing from the top of the stairs, is my bedroom. Where, on her side of the wide double bed, the left as you look in from the door, lies, gently sleeping, my wife.

Celia.

Sweet adorable Celia.

The strap of her silk chemise has slipped in her sleep from her left shoulder. She lies on her right, affording us, uncluttered, not only that palely glowing apricot but the beginnings of a breast, that softer, riper fruit. She is so gently asleep. See how her lashes softly fall, those gentle Japanese brushstrokes, how her hair lies, that tossed-back careless cloud of curls. Her lips are moistly parted, and seem to smile. You know that smile. So charming! So innocent! Beside her profile on the pillow, the tips of the fingers of her left hand shyly peep.

Do you have it? Can you see?

Come along, old bean. There is light enough. The room is far from dark. The drapes are ajar. The moon floods in.

Feast your eyes, old stick. Feast your eyes.

Oh, and the chemise. I should have mentioned. To give you the details, to get it exactly. The chemise is lavender. The palest silk lavender, like the faintest bruise.

You see it? You have it? You know it, the one I mean? Hmm, you bastard? Do you know that particular one?

Hmm, you scum?

Old chum, the game is over. It is finished. It is done. You have rutted with my wife for the last time. You have rutted with my wife enough.

Sweet, adorable, foolish Celia.

I know it. I know it all. The times, the days, the dates.

I know it in its every sneaky detail, its every smallest despicable thing.

The jig, I'm afraid, old chum, is up.

So.

Good friend, dear fellow, old pal, old bean, old stick, old chum, if you expect now from me a lecture on duplicity and deceit, on broken trust, a friendship betrayed, I am afraid you are to be sorely disappointed. You will get no such from me. Time is fleeting, after all. Let us not waste it with hollow talk.

Instead, I offer this.

You will, of course, never come here again. Never. Not ever. Not in the day and not in the night. As I am sure you must understand. If you ever even attempted to set foot on these premises, I would instantly, and with the greatest pleasure, break your every foul bone.

As is only reasonable and fitting.

However, to descend for a moment to the trashy parlance of the day, that is the good news.

The other is that if I come upon you anywhere, anywhere at all, I shall similarly strike you with all my might. In any circumstance, in any gathering. Understand this well, my friend. You are nowhere safe.

In the presence even of the Queen of bloody England I shall sledgehammer your stinking heart.

Have I omitted anything? Is there anything I have neglected to say?

No, I don't think so, old chum.

Do you?

●

And in the morning, three doors from his office, the husband stepped through a doorway marked Secretarial Services, took his letter carefully from his briefcase and handed it to the girl by the Xerox machine. "A hundred copies, please," he said. "I'll wait."

Fiction by **MORRIS LURIE**

ILLUSTRATION BY KRISTINA BRIM

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN WEBBER

20 QUESTIONS: GREG EVANS

The king of lonely hearts TV talks about off-camera mischief on Perfect Match, how it feels to become an instant heart-throb, his own love life and the stress of sudden stardom.

Perfect Match, the lonely hearts club gone public, is not so much a television success story as a phenomenon. Compulsive viewing for millions, a licence to print money for the 0-10 network, it has also transformed a relatively low-key radio and TV personality into one of the most recognisable faces in Australia.

Greg Evans, the little guy from Melbourne who hosts the titillating half-hour, was not exactly unknown before Perfect Match. But the program has put him in a new league, where the bucks are big and the living's high. It's also put him at the helm of another show, the up-market talent quest, Star Search.

Australian PLAYBOY*'s* ***John Cuff*** *spoke to Evans at Sydney's Channel 10 studios, where both shows are taped: "He sprinted into the room 10 minutes late, puffing and apologising," says Cuff. "He explained that he'd been out having a last made."*

1.

PLAYBOY: A last?

EVANS: Yep. My first last. There's a lady in town who does custom-made shoes, measures the feet and makes a last for a perfect fit. Once she has the lasts you can order shoes any time. It makes me wonder how long does a last last? At $350 a pair, the shoes certainly should keep going for a while. For that matter, I wonder if she could make a naughty last?

2.

PLAYBOY: How is the new show going?

EVANS: *Star Search?* Fantastic. It's a show I believe will take six months to establish because it's only once a week and has a radically fast format.

3.

PLAYBOY: And *Perfect Match* just keeps rolling on?

EVANS: Magnificent, isn't it? To this day I still enjoy doing it as much as the first episode. A show like that would become a bind if you didn't treat every taping like your first. I rock out there and just never know what anyone's going to say. It's totally ad lib.

4.

PLAYBOY: Is *Perfect Match* very heavily censored?

EVANS: Yes, very heavily. You're allowed to go just so far and that's it. The other day, for example, this couple came back after a nice time in Melbourne and I asked if there was any love between them. They said well, not yet. And I said, "But the roots are there." And, of course, the producers cut it. You can't say "roots" on *Perfect Match*. So we did a retake and I said, "Are you in love?" They said, "Not really." And I said, "But you've planted the seed." They let that go. You can't say "root" but you can say "planted the seed".

5.

PLAYBOY: Does the show's strict format confine your own personality, make you feel you're a puppet compere?

EVANS: No, I'm a great believer in strict formats, but there's still room to move. You have to have the right format and the right compere. If you've got both working for you, you've got a successful show. If you've got the all-time greatest format and stick the wrong host in it, it won't work. Take the best host in the world and land him with a dud format and it won't work either.

6.

PLAYBOY: Why do people queue to go on the show?

EVANS: A variety of reasons. To meet a partner, to win a trip, or just to join in the fun and be on television. We have mass screenings every couple of weeks and three or four hundred people come along. Behind all the froth and bubble of the show there's a serious element, inasmuch as the computer match system is ridgy didge. It's the same facility you'd get if you went out and spent two or three hundred bucks with a computer dating agency. Applicants have to fill in an 18-page questionnaire and all the details are processed till 20 names pop out — those with highest compatibility. Even so, 90 percent of the dates eventually go their own ways.

7.

PLAYBOY: If you were single and not in TV, would you go on *Perfect Match*?

EVANS: It's very hard to say. I think I would, yeah. I was an avid fan of *Blind Date*. Making the first step would probably scare me a bit, though.

8.

PLAYBOY: Do some female contestants go on the show just to meet you?

EVANS: Occasionally, I suppose. But I never see them before the taping or after it. But yes, I've had my bottom tickled a few times. Once I've introduced a couple and had my arms around the two of them, the things that go on with their hands can be amazing. Fortunately the cameras are only shooting from the waist up. But no, it's never anything serious. Just fun.

9.

PLAYBOY: You were in radio for years before shifting to TV. Do you miss it?

EVANS: Not really, but I did love the medium. When I was just a kid I was always playing at being a deejay. I used to get under the blankets and talk into a saucepan for hours. You should try that. It really makes the voice sound great. Then I'd bore my mum and dad for hours, taping my own radio shows for them on a little recorder and playing it over a speaker in the lounge room. In high school the headmaster let me do a lunchtime show over the public address system. We called it *The Wipe Out Show* and charged kids 20 cents to advertise their footy boots, things like that. There was nothing like it in those days.

When I left school I did a radio training course and three months later cracked a breakfast program with 3CS in Colac. Finally I got to 3XY in Melbourne, my big dream, and stayed there seven years. Mike Walsh is the man who gave me my TV break. He was kind enough to give me a spot on his show and taught me a lot of things. The most terrifying experience of my life was compering Mike's show when he went on holidays. Ninety minutes live around Australia. Terrifying, but exhilarating.

10.

PLAYBOY: Has success meant a change of lifestyle?

EVANS: Yes. It's the old story. The more you earn, the more you spend. I was living in a small suburban home but the pressure of people hanging over the back fence became a bit tough to handle. I'd be out front washing my car and people would toot their horns and point. It got to the stage where kids were climbing on the garage roof to watch me inside the house. Now we have a new place, a very large house on an acre block, surrounded by trees. It just makes life a bit easier.

We've also got a place in the country up on Lake Eildon, and I think that keeps me sane. I enjoy it up there. I enjoy trout

fishing and I've got some trailbikes and a four-wheel drive and I love the bush. The television reception is too fuzzy there, so it makes for a complete contrast. I'm travelling a lot, though, living in Victoria and spending four days a week in Sydney. And there's always a trip to Brisbane or somewhere else I have to make.

11.

PLAYBOY: You keep your family well out of the limelight?

EVANS: Yes. My wife, Sue, and son, Jason, who's five, can do without all that. I think Sue and I are a real "perfect match" and magazines all over the country put incredible pressure on us for stories. But I believe publicity should only go so far. You expose your private life and photographers start coming in and taking pictures in your bedroom and what's left? For now, it's better that Sue can at least go shopping in peace and Jason isn't being hassled by other kids.

12.

PLAYBOY: Does Sue travel to Sydney with you?

EVANS: Quite often, though less frequently now Jason is at school. Sue gets exhausted, though. Living out of a suitcase becomes a bit tiring. At home we do a lot of entertaining. We've got a very close-knit group of friends who come around a lot.

13.

PLAYBOY: It sounds like a frenetic lifestyle. Is there a lot of pressure?

EVANS: The real pressure, I think, is to succeed. If the shows don't rate, you're gone. I tend to worry about the smallest things. I guess I'm a perfectionist. Things have to be right. I can't live with it when things screw up. I'm perhaps not a nice person to work with when things start to go wrong. Otherwise, I'm a fairly happy sort of guy.

14.

PLAYBOY: What makes you go off the deep end?

EVANS: We had a situation recording the show last Saturday. We had a guy who was a computer salesman and a woman university student. They'd just been matched up and we bounced around a few lines about hardware and floppy discs and got lots of laughs from the audience. It was good, off-the-cuff stuff. We said goodnight and suddenly discovered one of the microphones wasn't switched on, so the tape stops and the director comes across to say sorry and tells us to do it all again. It was like cutting my wrists. You can't do the same again.

It angered me immensely. It took me about five minutes to control myself. Just Murphy's Law at work again, I suppose.

15.

PLAYBOY: *Perfect Match* copped some nasty headlines when a male contestant who won a trip was exposed as having a record of sexual offences.

EVANS: That was really distressing. The guy seemed perfectly normal. He won the trip and the girl said he behaved like a perfect gentleman. A month later some cop rings up and says the guy was once accused or questioned about a rape. I don't think he'd ever been convicted of anything, and it had been seven years ago. Suddenly the headlines were blaring RAPIST ON PERFECT MATCH.

16.

PLAYBOY: Do you worry about failing?

EVANS: Yes. And it has happened to me. I had a Melbourne evening show called *Together Tonight* axed right from underneath me. We were blessed with a number of problems and a tough time slot. I'll never forget the day. I was down at Queenscliffe interviewing someone and the door flew open and the researcher called "Cut!" Cut! That was it. I said I was in the middle of an interview and they said to forget it, there's no more show. That's how quick it was. I drove back to an office to find 20 morbid faces, because everybody involved was instantly out of work.

17.

PLAYBOY: A more pleasant subject. Debbie Newsome?

EVANS: A treat to work with. She radiates fun and she's the life of the party. We're great buddies, great mates. I think it would be a terrible situation if we didn't get on and fought in the corridors, that sort of thing. But honestly, I don't think we've ever had a cross word.

18.

PLAYBOY: Is Sue the jealous type?

EVANS: No, we really get on well and have complete faith in each other. We used to go out when I was in radio and we'd get a dozen screaming teenagers rushing up. Sue was quite happy to stand back... she knows it's all part of the job.

19.

PLAYBOY: Do you do much raging when you're in Sydney?

EVANS: After the job's done, yes, I suppose I'm a hard player. I've found myself watching the sun come up more in the last 12 months than ever before. I get together with the crew and a few other people. We'll go out, have a few drinks and yarn till the sun's over the horizon.

20.

PLAYBOY: Any long-term plans?

EVANS: I'm 32 now. Hopefully I can stay in the industry for 20 years, then retire. As I said before, it's a precarious game. But it can mean steady employment for those who play it properly and make it work. Twenty years would make a total of 30 in the industry... that's enough for anyone.

"Quite frankly, I've always been against divorce because it has never been proven to be an effective deterrent to marriage!"

"It's raining out here, Marquis de la Motte."

TAX MAN

(continued from page 42)

Surviving in business in Australia nowadays is like trying to run a boutique on board the Titanic.

on the dole, become a charge on the state, and also stop paying taxes. Moreover, the tax bankrupt ceases to trade, ceases to be able to pay for consumer goods, ceases to keep trading money in circulation... more bankruptcies, more unemployment, more damage to the economy, more taxes lost. The circle is vicious and permanent.

Individual recovery officers *can* help. And in fairness it should be said that they often do. But they always have to point out that whatever help they give is outside their proper function, and indeed quite often if they help people they are in breach of their guidelines and instructions.

What I would introduce is a department whose express function it is to help. Its options would include:

1. Advice and help to taxpayers in regard to resolving their total problem. The tax department usually isn't the only creditor. If a skilled tax officer designs a plan for people to get out of their troubles, they will probably be able to survive and pay *all* their debts, not only their tax debt. This means more future taxes!
2. Time to pay where this is necessary, to be allowed freely and not grudgingly.
3. Forget about penalties and...
4. Forget about the 20 percent per annum late payment fines. The department does have this power but it's hedged around by so many technicalities that it's hardly ever exercised.
5. Work out ways of securing the debt if it is going to be deferred. There is no reason why the tax office should not accept a second mortgage, or a charge, or a guarantee from a third party, or an authority to pay out of the proceeds of a sale. It often does, but here again it does not employ *specialists* whose job it is to help the taxpayer *and* protect the tax man.
6. The whole system should be flexible and administered with understanding, humanity and without too many bureaucratic rules. The basic objective of this ombuds-tax-man department would be to ensure that the taxpayer survives and prospers *and* ultimately pays his back taxes and pays *more* tax in the future.
7. In special cases, though this would rarely happen, the tax department could release the taxpayer from his tax liability altogether. There is power to do that now, under the "hardship" provisions of Section 265, but the procedure is very complicated and I don't believe tax is *ever* forgiven, except perhaps in extreme situations such as bushfires or other disasters. Yet there are other disasters besides bushfires and the like. Many people believe that surviving in business in Australia nowadays is like trying to run a boutique on board the *Titanic*. Business people need all the help they can get so why not from the tax man as he is after all their silent partner?

A department of the kind I suggest, designed to help people overcome their tax problems, run rationally, sensibly and flexibly, without being either maudlin or aggressive, would gradually bring down the wall of resentment that divides tax collector and taxpayer. This, in itself, apart from its social value, would help to increase the amount of revenue collected.

People are fundamentally honest. They don't plot and plan on how to evade, or even avoid, their responsibilities to trade creditors and the like. Why, then, is the tax collector considered to be fair game?

One reason is the impersonal, harsh way in which taxes are collected. My help-the-taxpayer department would overcome that difficulty. Another reason is that people are basically willing to pay for their share of the cake, but when it comes to taxes they don't really believe that they're *getting* any cake! As long as people think they are being robbed by the government, they will feel morally justified in robbing the government.

The solution to that problem occurred to me some years ago when I watched a TV discussion in Vienna. At that time there was a young and very capable treasurer, Hannes Androsch. (His brother was a tax consultant, and so it wasn't an altogether bad idea to consult him about your financial problems.)

Anyway, Hannes Androsch was being interviewed by about six anti-tax journalists. Androsch had done his homework. The journalists had spent their time carousing instead of working on their brief... and they were cut to shreds!

"I have here," Androsch said, "a breakdown of what we do with our tax money. Out of every 100 schillings, we spend 30 schillings on age pensions, sickness and unemployment benefits, and the like. Would you prefer people to starve to death? Or die without medical care? Or do you think we could cut down the expense, or spend the money in a better way? If so, what are your specific suggestions?"

And he did the same in relation to building roads, education, defence and tourism, and the poor old journalists had nothing but their ragged old platitudes which did them no good whatever. Even the cliché about wasting money on inefficient politicians fell rather flat in view of the obvious efficiency of their opponent!

Ironically Austria is just as inefficient and wasteful of public money as Australia. But, with the aid of a bit of verbal magic, Androsch managed to sell the notion that every schilling contributed by the Austrian man-in-the-street was being well spent.

Why not publish in Australia a manual breakdown of how everybody's tax dollar is spent? Not in the form of a budget or a learned analysis but in layman's language. And there should be a public relations officer with every major tax office, so that people who believe that their tax dollar is being wasted can go and have their attitudes readjusted. After all, though this may sound strange coming from me, the "taxation is theft" philosophy is sheer twaddle and prejudice, invented by people like Peter Clyne to make the tax avoidance pills we peddle more palatable. Like any other prejudice, this one can be, and should be, dispelled by an appeal to reason, and a reliance on facts.

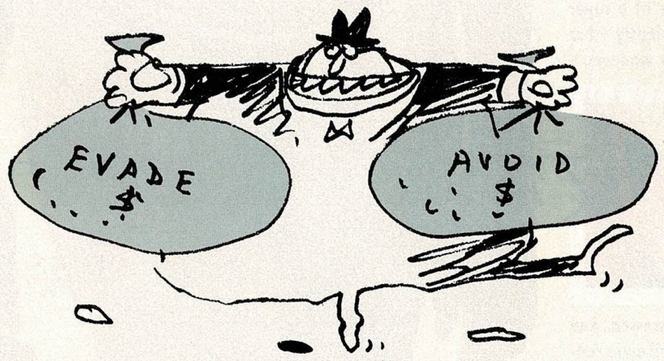
I have deliberately kept away from arguments about more tax, less tax, flat tax, wealth tax and indirect tax. Whatever taxes we choose to impose, there has to be a workable, enforceable, flexible, humane system for collecting them. That way we will not only collect more taxes, but we will learn to do without the army of investigators, lawyers, bureaucrats and clerks we need to enforce our system, and that in itself will produce additional revenue. The tax office in Zurich, for example, is a small, single-storey shop, about the same size as the cakeshop and the watchmaker on either side of it.

To sum up, if I were commissioner I would first create a department for helping people in genuine trouble, improve public relations, introduce tougher laws for investigating tax cheats, and collecting taxes from tax rebels like Peter Clyne. And I would try and turn the tax office into a collection of human beings, whereas at present it is seen (at least to some extent) as a collection of robots and computers *disguised* as human beings.

And I would try and teach people to realise that if they want to live in an organised society, the system has to be paid for.

Which may sound odd coming from me but I quite understand the need for taxation, I simply cannot help finding fault with an inefficient system. We don't resent the local council trying to collect its rates, or the local store that wants to be paid for what we buy, or the gorgeous blonde who wants to be paid her wages.

Gradually, brick by brick, the Great Wall that divides the taxpayer from the tax collector might be brought down.



TAX HOLIDAYS

Tax holidays are absolutely essential when people are starting in business or going under for the third time. It is precisely when people are most vulnerable — starting something new, or coming out of a recession when their income is beginning to increase — that provisional tax tends to strike them down. In its first year, a business might have to pay more than 100 percent company tax. In his or her first year, a private individual might have to pay 128 percent tax if provisional tax is imposed!

In such cases a responsible tax collection officer could offer two kinds of tax holiday. He could agree to forget about the provisional tax altogether. Or he could defer provisional tax and primary tax, but have the arrears paid off later over a period of years if the business is successful. If the business flounders or fails despite his help, the back taxes would be waived. Just the kind of progressive and enlightened attitude we need in Australia to help new entrepreneurs — supposedly a priority of this government.

Exactly the same would apply to a company or individual who has been in difficulties and is beginning to get out of trouble. At that stage, if there have been losses, these can be carried forward. But if there has been a low income, and that income suddenly rises, then once again provisional tax will make sure that the ship goes down with finality! Here again, a tax holiday could save the ship.

And, of course, even in situations where there is no question of provisional tax, a tax holiday might be a good way of ensuring that the goose survives, learns to fly and lays more golden tax eggs in the future.

THE INFAMOUS DELOREAN

John DeLorean's stainless steel sportscar has become a collector's item long after he was acquitted of international drug charges.

When John Zachary DeLorean got busted for alleged cocaine smuggling, the DeLorean motor vehicle was forced across the thin white line into the cruel, black humor of the drug world.

It became the Cocaine GT, a machine that could cut it with the world's finest, a car with enough snort to get up your neighbor's nose, the best deal in town, no shit.

"DeLoreans go better with Coke" was a popular throwaway line, and one dealer even advertised: "Buy the DeLorean — and get 60lbs of Coke!" (Coca-Cola was not amused.)

But the in-crowd humor that provided a witty punchline for the demise of the DeLorean also tilted at the very heart of the American psyche, a stinging epitaph to the end of a great American dream.

And that was what really hurt. Not the success or failure of the machine itself, but the fact that an American hero could suddenly become a fallen idol. John DeLorean

Motoring by ROB LUCK

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DEREK GOARD

represented a lot to the American people. He had clawed his way in archetypal rags-to-riches style from poverty to power, becoming head of Chevrolet at the age of 44 and the most important young auto executive in America. Along the way he had earned his smarts from backstreet to boardroom, picking up an enviable reputation for tenacity in the ruck, a man who could kick and scratch and bite with the best, and bow to none. He also acquired beautiful women and friends in high, rich and powerful places with equal-handed ease. His overpowering charisma and compelling enthusiasm magnetised almost everyone to his projects: wealthy capitalists and investors, the cream of the nation's automotive executive, politicians, governments, even the populations of entire countries.

When he left General Motors, such was his popularity the press trumpeted: John DeLorean Fires GM. Later, he moved the then socialist government of the United Kingdom to advance him more than $170 million and had the world's most modern and sophisticated factory constructed for him in Belfast, Northern Ireland.

Much later, after surviving international scandal and innuendo, he so motivated people around him that the British government detailed their finest financial wizards to scheme up a rescue operation for his crumbling empire and American financial institutions fell in line to back him.

When he was accused of pulling the ultimate antisocial scam, the world pulled the rug on him. Some of his greatest supporters became his greatest detractors. Included on that tally-sheet were his friends, his financiers, his co-workers, his contacts, and his wife, who sold him out in her published memoirs. Their almost universal excuse was they felt cheated. They had given DeLorean their unqualified support and he had just shat all over them.

Detached observers might have seen it coming, for John DeLorean displayed enough character flaws to give the game away early in the play. To start with, he had his chin extended by plastic surgery to give a more manly appearance and a hair transplant to thicken his mane. He propped himself up with social artifacts ranging from beautiful women (three glamorous wives), to executive jets, five-star offices and accommodation, and mandatory Concorde travel. While soliciting the world's best automotive talents, he stocked the inner sanctum with yes-men and disposed of the rest. And he showed disturbing "knocker" traits, with particular contempt for the English and Irish who put him on the automotive factory map.

The factor that seduced most people was the car itself. It was conceptually brilliant, an embodiment of all the ideals of the brave new world of automotive design that the giant corporations had prostituted in the name of the great God, Profit.

The advertising hype of the glossy DeLorean brochure crystallised that concept with one simple sentence: "John DeLorean was convinced it was possible to build a car with a useful life of more than just a few years."

This was DeLorean's ungloved backhand to the face of the traditional American automobile industry, which was wading in its mucky world of planned obsolescence, gimmickry and visual extravagance. By comparison, the DeLorean was built "with great care and commitment: a car that defies convention and challenges the future. The long-awaited transport revolution has begun, and a leader has emerged to show us the way. . ."

DeLorean drove the point home mercilessly. He cared not for the recent safety regulations that tortured the brains and budgets of the giant auto corporations and he proved at the first run against the crash barriers that a car could easily be designed to fit inside the tough new safety legislation. He scorned the Arab oil embargo and its implied demand for fuel-efficient performance cars to produce a sporty car with the greatest economy of its class, far ahead of Porsche, Ferrari and company, and humiliatingly advanced on its arch-rival, the Corvette. (It didn't, however, accelerate as hard as any of these cars.)

DeLorean's overpowering charisma and enthusiasm magnetised almost everyone to his projects: even the populations of entire countries.

And it broke the sort of completely fresh ground that the public hungered for. A focal point was the gullwing door design: not just snazzy, but functional for zip-in access, and with minimal swing-out to make life easier in cheek-by-jowl parking lots. The stainless steel envelope was a piece of future-shock technology aimed at the pragmatic side of motoring life. This concept thumbed its nose at bird-bombers and key-armed sidewalk vandals alike, since the airborne excreta came off with the sluice of a garden hose, and the worst impact of the 20-cent brigade could be brushed away with a pad of steel wool (actually 3M Scotchbrite was recommended in the owner's handbook).

A plastic nose and tail took the bump and grind out of city motoring along with 360-degree dodgem car-style rubber anti-bump protection.

Corrosion, outlawed on the outside by the clip-on stainless steel sheet, was banished beneath by a fully moulded glassfibre underbody, moulded and factory-glued just like a model car out of a cardboard box. The car's backbone steel chassis was even dipped in epoxy, corrosion-proof paint, with a claimed 25-year cancer-proof lifespan.

DeLorean left nothing to chance. He conscripted the world's foremost automotive stylist to craft the panelwork. Giorgetto Giugiaro of Ital Design already had his points on the board, having taken his scalpel to the rounded, indulgent lines of the '60s that had hung over into the '70s, sharpening them up with knife-edged profiles aimed at the hard, clinical, accurate world of the '80s. He crafted everything from the Volkswagen Golf to the new-wave Maseratis (Merak and Bora) and Alfetta GT, then moved forward to the slippery, angular lines of the Lotus Esprit, a car which changed the shape of fast motor vehicles forever and profoundly influenced the design of dozens of modern-day exotics, including the recent Australian-built Triad (see Australian PLAYBOY, December '84). And, of course, the DeLorean.

DeLorean also co-opted the British Lotus factory to transmute the pile of blueprints into glass and metal, and bought the Volvo-Peugeot-Renault V6 multinational engine to splice between the DeLorean's rear wheels.

Every last detail of design and construction was aimed at setting ultimate standards. The machine was lifted off the ground on a combination of advanced Lotus suspension and the latest Goodyear NCT purpose-bred performance car tyres. The authoritative American magazine, *Car And Driver,* states that these two elements gave the machine good ride qualities while proving it as fast around corners and as manoeuvrable through an obstacle course as anything ever produced from the exoticar plants of Germany and Italy.

There were four massive Girlock disc brakes which effectively put the bridle on the powerplant when required. And there was standard air-conditioning, power mirrors, windows (mere toll-slots in the sideglasses), AM/FM stereo cassette, electric central door-lock mechanism, tilt-and-telescopic steering column, electric rear-window defogger and many other items.

A choice of manual (5-speed) or automatic (3-speed) transmission catered to both exuberant and laid-back steering styles, and the cockpit, finished entirely in hand-crafted hides, was the last word in simple, elegant luxury.

This was pretty much what I found when I got to shoehorn myself into the interior of the best example in Australia, currently in the tender, loving care of Rick Damelian, a prestige car trader down Sydney's famous street of dreams, Parramatta Road.

The all-black leather interior that the American press once described as the "black hole of Calcutta" represents one of DeLorean's personal best boo-boos. From

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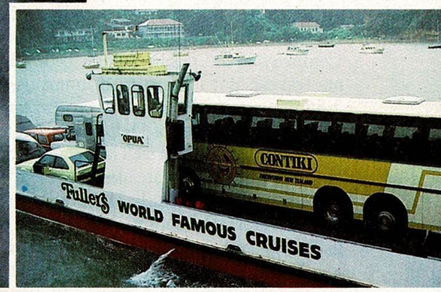

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the inside, I also had time to reflect on some of the other criticisms, and make a few observations of my own.

The most blatant target for attack is the most strident feature of the car: the gullwings. Everyone asks what happens in a rollover. DeLorean's safety test blurb sought to prove a 68kg(160lb) driver could escape through the door with the machine lying in "dead" position on its roof, little feet in the air. Another idea was to kick out the side safety-glasses and squeeze through there. The windscreen, sidewindows and backscreen all look like tempting targets for a well-aimed boot, and I suspect that with just the mere whiff of petrol or the suggestion of flame, the average homo sapiens could squirm through the ventilation ducts or even the keyhole.

All lowline exotics feel a trifle claustrophobic, but the enigmatic DeLorean does it better than most with its squared-off bunker-like glasshouse, which produces a sort of siege mentality in the cockpit. For a six-footer like your pilot and writer here, the DeLorean is thoughtfully provided with a recess in the gullwing door panel above the head. Otherwise the cranium would certainly be pressed firmly against the hood lining.

Ironically, the very first defect that embarrassed the DeLorean Motor Company in its public launch bedevilled our test car. But I was in good company. At a public launch, Johnny Carson, personal friend and financier of DeLorean, had his debut ride flattened as well by a flat battery caused by an inadequate alternator.

Thankfully, other early DeLorean faults did not return to haunt my test drive. The gullwings did not jam shut to incarcerate me in a 200km/h prison, and the wheels did not fall off (a faulty suspension bolt/nut caused some early front-suspension failures).

Other typical DeLorean traits were manifest during our excursion. Pedestrian jaws gaped to the sidewalk, motorists cheerfully tailgated each other, and attractive femmes made it painfully obvious that they were available. This, after all, was practically the whole point of the car: when push comes to shove down bullshit boulevard, no one gives a stuff about standing quarter times and lateral cornering forces. And even cancer-proof construction and high-tech materials may just be the justification that joins the means with the end.

Any vehicle such as this is heavily compromised. The economies of the envelope guarantee this, since the object of the exercise is to make the thing as low, compact and sleek as possible while packing as much performance as possible under the skin.

DeLorean, like most designers, had his favorite specification requirements for the car. In this case, the trunk (in the front) had to have sufficient space to stow a bag of golf clubs. Brochure photos of the time sought to prove this, but lifting the lid, I reckon it to be just deep enough to take, say, about a one kilo bag of some stuff. I guess you could fit 20 or so in there. Not generous space, but profitable enough if you wanted to use this thing to run borders.

A nice thing about the machine is its driving ease. All the controls were light, simple, well-placed with lots of adjustment (seats and steering wheel) to get most drivers feeling good behind the wheel. It was particularly aimed at women drivers, since DeLorean calculated many resented toys for the boys that could only be driven by their men. He believed that at the price there was a large market for young women who wanted to signal their success.

Some did. Others found the intricacies of a tightly strung GT car were hard to live with on a daily basis. The male market however loved most of them. The bodyshell spelt pure performance and, when the gullwings were pulled down and locked in place with a satisfying thunk, it was like being bolted into a jet fighter. The tiny "peep-hole" electric windows, a blatant inconvenience to most people, were pure image value to the aficionado; just the thing for signalling a thumbs-up to the missus as a cue to pull the chocks away. Or perhaps to display a certain one-finger sign in the traffic to someone who has earned your displeasure.

If this machine still sounds like your speed, it is available for a mere $80,000, already a 300 percent gain on its original $20,000 ticket (it was billed at $25,000, but most sold around the $20,000 mark) in a mere four years. One can only wonder what the next five, 10 or 20 years will bring, but as an avowed collector's item, it is unlikely to select a financial reverse gear under any circumstances.

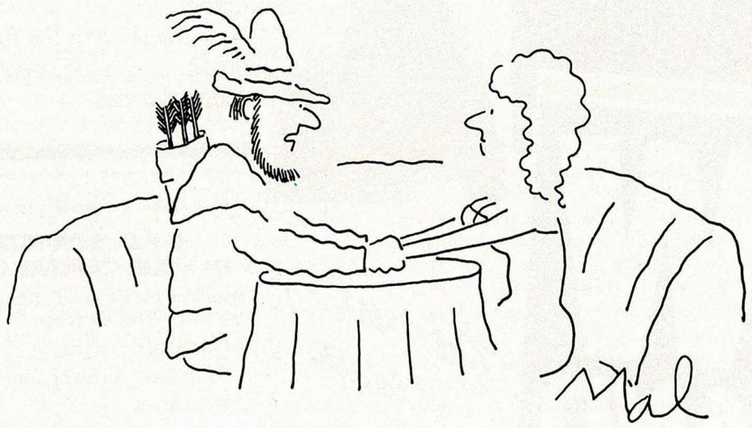
From the standpoint of the potential owner, some vital issues should be noted. A DeLorean spin-off company in the USA has been preserved to ensure a solid supply of spare parts and has an inventory covering virtually everything on the car. It is so comprehensive, it includes more than 1000 gullwing door sets and all stainless steel panels. No, I haven't asked the prices.

This particular car was painstakingly converted from left to right hand drive by a firm called Corvette Conversions of Taren Point, Sydney (ironic since Corvette was its main target competitor in the States). It is understood to be the only automatic DeLorean in the country, which should make it attractive to many of the people with the necessary fiscal credentials but lacking the wherewithal to balance a clutch against a throttle and brakes while manoeuvring a little lever through an H-pattern.

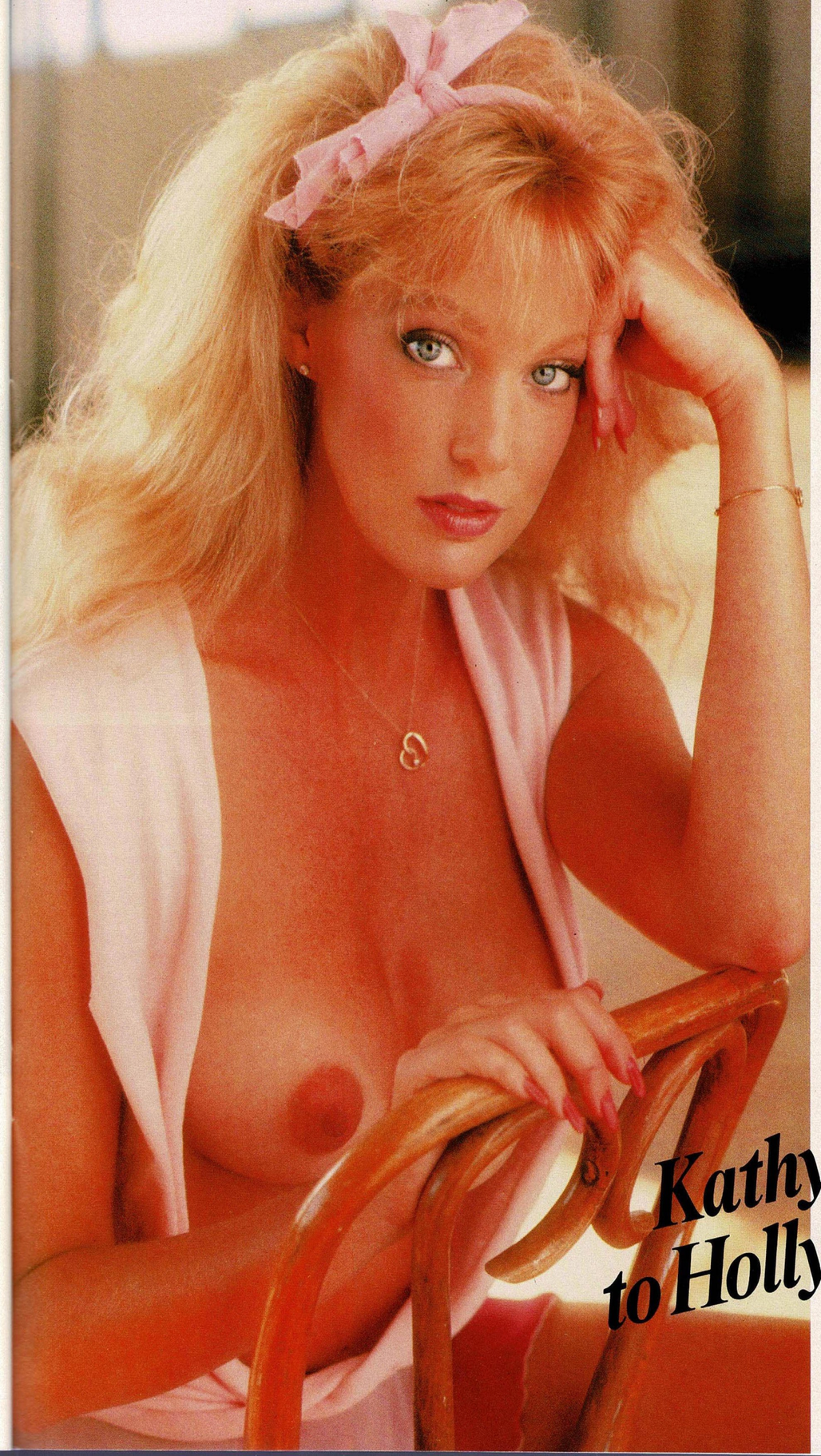
The fact that John Zachary DeLorean will most likely become the subject of a Hollywood character assassination played by James Coburn in the very near future will only add to the value and status of this and the other few thousand live DeLoreans scattered around the planet.

It matters little that DeLorean was ultimately acquitted on the cocaine charges on the legal principle known as *agent provocateur*. It is beyond hope that the DeLorean Motor Company could ever be revived, much less by John DeLorean, who wrote his own epitaph for his business career: "I liken the situation to a guy with a social disease. Your doctor cures you and he gives you a certificate that says you no longer have herpes simplex, but if you took that out at a cocktail party, you wouldn't get too many dates."

TEST CAR supplied by Rick Damelian Motors, 680 Parramatta Road, Petersham, Sydney. Reference reading: DeLorean, Stainless Steel Illusion, *($32.50);* DeLorean, The Rise And Fall Of A Dreammaker ($22.50). *From Message Motoring Bookshop, 401A Pitt St, Sydney, 2000.*



"My Merry Men don't understand me."



A little luck, a lot of hard work, a dash of common sense and our small-town smasher is on her way in Tinsel Town.

Kathy goes to Hollywood

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KERRY MORRIS

When you consider all the beautiful women around the world who flock to Hollywood each year, in search of fame and fortune, you can understand why Kathy Shower felt apprehensive about her chances. Especially when you learn that she came from a small town where no one had big ambitions and she says she was so plain she couldn't even get a date until she was pushing 20. Perhaps the men in the town where Kathy grew up were a bit slow... or blind. But when she went against all the odds and moved to Hollywood to try her luck, everything changed. Somewhere along the way, she says, the ugly duckling turned into a swan. The leggy blonde from the backblocks with the sophisticated big-city looks started getting plenty of attention. Pretty soon she was working regularly on all the major TV series and had become what in Hollywood they still quaintly call a starlet. You've probably seen Kathy on several of the big American TV series and you can expect to see more. All we can say is hooray for Hollywood!

"I suppose every woman has the fantasy of meeting a stranger and being trapped on a train or in some snowbound cabin and making the best of it. What happens happens. That would be very exciting."

WAR

(continued from page 54)

As long as war remains the bayonet point of diplomacy, people like me will be valuable.

bull, no spit and polish. If you lose anything except your rifle, you can write it off as "destroyed by enemy action". Your pay packet rockets up with "hard lying money" and when you do get leave you have enough money to root your brains out with members of the indigine who are ready and willing to drop their drawers for the coarse, licentious soldiery. And at the cost of only a couple of beers.

I should be appalled, homesick, frightened and depressed, but I am not. I am enjoying myself more than I have enjoyed anything in my life and I don't want any of it to end. Despite everything that has been written about the horrors of war, and most of it is true, I never feel so alive, so exhilarated, so *electric* as when I am in combat. I am not a warmonger, yet I enjoy all the accoutrements of war. War is to me what childbirth is to some women. It makes me feel fulfilled. As unfashionable and as terrible as it may be to say so, I am a war junkie. And I am not alone.

That's where the pacifists keep getting it all wrong. As long as human nature stays the way it is, as long as war remains the bayonet point of diplomacy, people like me will be valuable. And there are thousands like me.

Move forward a few months. I am in a Dakota and I am not wearing a parachute. Which feels strange because the only time I have been in the Dak before was to complete my seven compulsory jumps. In those days, we only had one parachute when we jumped and if it didn't open we called it a Roman candle and you were asked to cross your ankles and point your toes as you descended. That way, when you hit the ground, you corkscrewed in and, although you were very dead, your wristwatch was saved for the other blokes in the squad. The reason I am in this Dakota is difficult to explain, impossible to understand.

I am in civilian clothes carrying a briefcase. In the briefcase I have a Smith and Wesson .38 and a box of spare ammo. I am escort for 11 deserters from the French Foreign Legion who are being returned to Saigon from Hong Kong, where they have been delivered over the border by the People's Republic of China, who don't know what the hell to do with them. Neither do the Poms, and I am detailed to take them back to their battalion. All I hope is that this will not be the last detail. They are as tough a bunch of bastards as I have ever met in my life and if trouble starts they are going to take that Smith and Wesson and stuff it so far up my arse only the lanyard will show.

I get airsick about an hour out of Kai Tak and one of them, a German who is ex-Waffen SS and has burned the tattooed blood group mark out of his skin with a red hot spoon, gets an airsick bag and holds it for me. When we get to Saigon, this happy band of desperates is met by a squad of hard cases whom they greet with smiles and whoops of delight. I find out later that the sentence in the Foreign Legion for desertion in the face of the enemy is only 30 days in the pokey. In most other armies it is at least 10 years or the firing squad or possibly both. Which is why now I never believe stories about how tough it is in the *Legion Etrangere*.

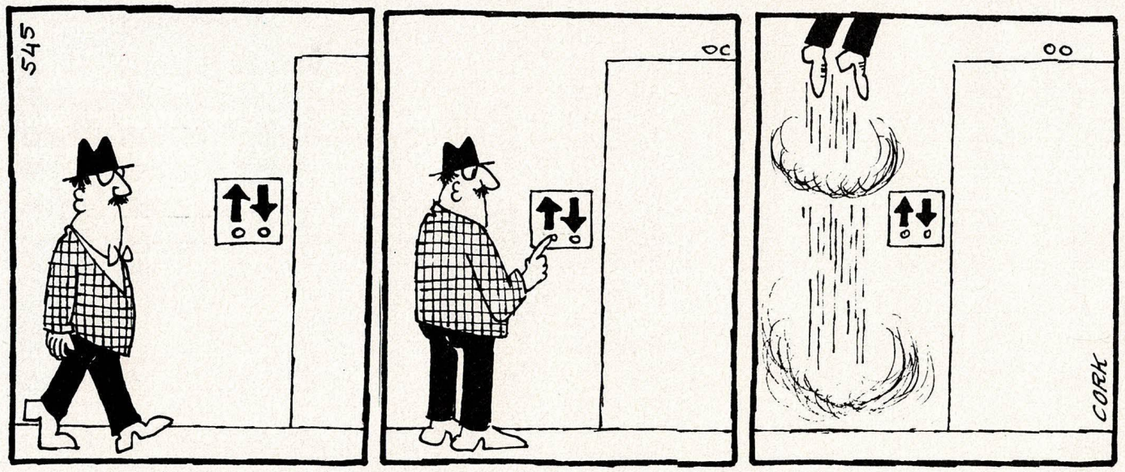
The Dak, having got all the way to Saigon from Hong Kong, needs a long rest before it can lurch back. Despite the fact that the French are already showing signs of giving the game away, having been hammered at Dien Bien Phu, Saigon is still the Paris of Asia and the girls in their *ao dais* are some of the best looking women in the world. And provided you speak some French and have a few piastres in your pocket you are in a certain kind of heaven. For four days I eat the best combination of Asian and French cooking in the world, get legless on French *vin du pays*, which makes rough red taste like a Hunter Valley gold medal winner, and entertain as many Vietnamese ladies as I am able. I am able, as a professional soldier, to give my opinion that Vietnam (or Annam as the Frogs insist on calling it) is a "no-win" situation. Nobody wants my opinion so I keep it to myself. I know that nobody wants my opinion because a large legionnaire wraps a beer bottle around my skull while I try to explain my theories. I don't think that Lyndon B. Johnson would have listened to me either. No one ever listens to the professional soldier, especially if sergeant is the only rank he attains and then keeps losing for "conduct prejudicial to good order and military discipline". That means when taken with the grog, he keeps trying to prove his physical superiority to military policemen.

•

A decade later they are still losing the war in Vietnam and I get my chance to be part of it. They should have taken my advice. But it's the best war we've got so I go. This time I am flown there and back by Qantas and in the middle I am flown back for a five-day rest cure (R and C, it was the Septics that had R and R) on Air America, which was the airborne wing of the CIA. Most of the lads I am serving with are nashos and we get on pretty well.

They call Vietnam the Funny Farm and they are sweating to finish their tour without getting zapped so they can then get back into the world of civvies.

Base camp is Nui Dhat and the province we control is Phuc Tui. Patrols go out for six weeks at a time and they bring in water, rations and ammo by helicopter every three days. They guarantee that if you get wounded they will have you into a chopper



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and then into hospital in less than a quarter of an hour. And that cheers me up no end.

I am carrying an Armalite with a bandolier of ammo, six water bottles, a small back pack, and three M26 grenades. When I first arrived they issued me with an FN SLR which is 7.62mm and, although it has plenty of fire-power, weighs far too much for patrol use. So I promote myself to an Armalite. The gear I am wearing is all standard jungle green, but the boots have a reinforced steel plate in case I step on a mine. No one has told them that it is not my feet I am worried about, it's my bollocks. Most of the mines laid by the Vietcong are Australian mines which have been dug up and moved over without telling us about it. Which is where most of the injuries come from. And we are getting a lot of injuries.

I work out that I am running a 70/30 chance of copping one even if I keep my head low. And no one is keeping their heads lower than me.

We have a new sergeant who has done his combat training in Puckapunyal and he is going to show us the way. He must be a lineal descendant of Shit For Brains. We are going out at night from Nui Dhat into the Long Hai lows which is booby-trapped and mined to buggery and is a favorite crossing area for the Vietcong, who come down from the Long Hai heights to get across the paddies to pick up supplies. Our chances of getting zapped are real good. The dickhead who thought of this patrol should be castrated.

We head out in platoon strength with the point man, who has also just arrived, clearing the way with a pair of secateurs. Back three men and you come to two field engineers; the poor bastards are given the happy job of clearing away mines and booby traps with a bayonet. Real mine detectors are only allowed out with five field engineers as escort. I don't know why. The result is that we are losing a lot of field engineers. On this tour, out of 74 attached to the battalion, 12 are killed outright and double that are wounded.

We are moving through the dark and Shit For Brains Mk II decides to split the platoon. In our democratic manner I tell him he is out of his bloody skull and he tells me to shut up. He has three stripes, I have two. But he hasn't even got his knees dirty.

We are now deep in the rice paddies and the point man makes a contact and starts to shout at the top of his voice "dong loi, dong loi", which is Vietnamese for "stop". What does he think he is in: the Coogee Boy Scouts? Anyone stuffing around there at night is not a courting couple looking for a bit of dark. Standard operating procedure whenever there is a contact is to turn into it, fire, and move in. This is my neck they are risking so I let off a burst from the Armalite and thank Christ the rest of the squad do the same and we sweep through. End result is one dead Vietcong and one point man frightened shitless.

We are right on the edge of a bund, the retaining wall for a rice paddy, and Shit For Brains Mk II decides to call in Snoopy, or what the Yanks used to call "Puff The Magic Dragon". This is a DC3 which can wipe out a football field in one pass, literally putting a round into every square inch of ground. Base has enough sense to tell him there is no way they can arrange it. Not until he becomes a brigadier.

So he decides to bring in the artillery. He calls in the spotter, and the first round drops right in the paddy on the other side of the bund. Never having been in a fire-fight before, the great wanker thinks that the "drop shorts" have got it right for once and he tells them "bring them in". So four guns fire around the edges of the rice paddy and the centre of impact is us. And, oh Jesus, it is bad and I am trying to dig in deep and it is the dry season and I can't get into the mud, but I'm trying. The noise is unbelievable and the shrapnel is whistling everywhere and only the bunds are saving us. Shit For Brains Mk II is so new to the game he thinks this is a good thing and doesn't realise we are all about to go to that great battalion headquarters in the sky.

I boot the dumb bastard away from the field set and start screaming "check fire, check fire, check fire" to the artillery, who take the hint and stop firing. Shit For Brains Mk II is not happy with this. After all, he is a sergeant and I am only a corporal, so he grabs back the field set and tells them to hold the HE (high explosive) which has just been zinging around our ears and send in flares instead.

I don't believe it. Here we are standing by a rice paddy deep in Vietcong territory and flares are coming in, lighting us up with artificial daylight so that we stand out like a dog's balls and any VC within 10 miles must see us. Eventually, I get this across to Shit For Brains Mk II and we sling our packs and start trudging back to the helicopter pick-up point.

It is not the most successful patrol I have been on, though it could have been worse, I suppose. We could have made contact with the enemy in strength.

Though even in the midst of the deadly farce of a patrol where everything goes wrong, there is still a strange exhilaration which those who have not experienced real war can never understand. Sure there is terror, certainly there is discomfort, definitely there is outrage that every unit in every army in every war seems to throw up somebody new who deserves to be called Shit For Brains. But when you can get yourself through all of that you derive a certain pride, a certain conviction that you can get yourself through absolutely anything.

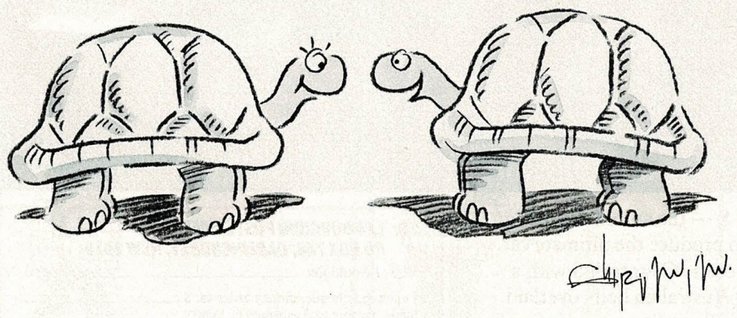
Lest you should misunderstand me, I am not talking about the love of war for its own sake. I am talking about a very personal sense of triumph that comes from conquering the lethal chaos of war. For a man, war is simply the ultimate test. Everything else is just pretending.

And once you have survived everything that war can throw at you, peacetime can be suffocating. Which is why so many old soldiers say the best time of their lives was when they were at war. There is nothing, absolutely nothing, in peacetime that can compare with sneaking into the jungle at night with an automatic rifle in your hand, knowing that the enemy is waiting for you somewhere out there. And, crazy as it must seem, everything is so damn dull by comparison you tend to miss it. Especially when you're good at it.

●

Years later I am standing outside the Sheraton in Brisbane waiting for a taxi and the doorman is wearing two solid rows of campaign medals. He tells me he was with the Royal Marine commandos as a long-term regular. He has been there, done that. I ask him what he thinks about Australia. "Funny thing," he says, "this is the first country I've ever visited where they haven't asked me to shoot the natives."

He only looks as if he is half kidding. I know how he feels.



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We snapped the Sydney Supersonics basketballers in a slightly, shall we say, incriminating situation which we doubt even they could evade. You have to give them credit, though, because when it comes to their underwear they're points ahead of the rest.

Left to right: Scott Fenton *hangs on wearing The Bells briefs made in superfine cotton ($5.50);* Wayne Burden, *wearing YSL striped bikini briefs ($9.99), tries hard to balance; pinned to the wall,* Darren Shaw *wears Holeproof PTU boxer shorts ($5.50);* Zoran Zunic *clings on in Holeproof Aircell long johns ($10.95);* Gavin Kelly *lends a helping hand decked out in Suspel boxer shorts ($7.50). (Elasticised at the waist and thighs, these boxer shorts are especially designed for heat retention in chilly climes.)* Tony Wilkerson *joins the queue in Pierre Cardin Jockette briefs, available in 25 colors. And the man with the frown? That's* Paul Coughter, *coach of the hotshot Sydney Supersonics.*

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BOY GEORGE (continued from page 39)

I'd love to get really friendly with Michael (Jackson). . . I think I could liberate him a little.

happy inside, no matter how much cocaine you stick up your nose and money you have in your pocket, it won't help. That's the mistake famous people make and that's the mistake I *won't* make. Being famous is like being in school, in a way. It's no different on some fundamental level. You fool yourself that you're on top of the universe or something, but you're just at school, where everyone loves you as long as you keep the ball. All the girls want to go out with the lead guy and all the boys want to go out with the top cheerleaders. Well [*giggling*] I'm the top cheerleader. And it's all an illusion, just like in school. I think I'll go on for some time, but if I don't, I won't be devastated. I would be devastated if I lost my friends and my family.

PLAYBOY: Are you able to have a normal social life since you've become famous?

BOY GEORGE: The temptation is to become a recluse like Michael. You get so embittered by the psychotic things that are written about you that when you want to just go out and enjoy yourself for the evening, you don't go out. But I don't need to lock myself up like Michael. I mean, it can do strange things to you.

PLAYBOY: Like?

BOY GEORGE: I'm now convinced that Michael is two people.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

BOY GEORGE: About a year ago, Michael called me in the Virgin Records office in London. He was really sweet. We just chatted on for ages. He said to me, "I couldn't speak to you until you got this famous," and I said, "That's rubbish." He laughed and said, "That's just what my sister said." I told him, "She's right. Your sister is going to get on fine." I was trying to be as natural as possible and I didn't find him shy at all. Anyway, I gave him my home phone number.

Pretty soon some guy who sounds exactly like Michael Jackson starts calling on my home phone number, but he says his name is Houston Hawkins. He's shy and very ordinary, not famous at all. But I know that Houston Hawkins and Michael Jackson are the same person.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying Michael Jackson has a split personality?

BOY GEORGE: I suppose I could be wrong... but I'm sure I'm not. It may be Michael just pretending to be Houston and getting a real kick out of doing this.

PLAYBOY: Have you confronted Jackson about this?

BOY GEORGE: I did. I said, "Michael, you know, there is something going on..."

But he never let on. I think I can understand it.

PLAYBOY: How?

BOY GEORGE: I got famous just recently and I took control of every part of my career. Michael has been doing this since he was eight years old or something and I'm certain it is a bit bewildering to him. He might want to *be* like Houston, just ordinary and nice. Anyway, I'd love to get really friendly with Michael and get to know him. I think I could liberate him a little bit. That's what he needs.

PLAYBOY: How would you...

BOY GEORGE: I mean *psychologically*. That's all I mean. I really think we could be friends. I think I could like him a lot.

PLAYBOY: How has fame affected your love life?

BOY GEORGE: It's hard enough having a relationship, but when you're in the limelight, it's near impossible. It's bad enough in the normal domestic dramas in the home, in suburbia, let alone on a scale of about 10 million people saying, "I want to screw the pants off him." It would be torture. Women come up and ask me to sign their tits. It's very odd.

PLAYBOY: What kinds of people — women *or* men — do you go out with?

BOY GEORGE: I always go out with people who are real down and outs, the worst kind of people. Everyone else hates them. They're always mixed up, screwed up. It's not to save them or because they are easy bait, but I'm just attracted to them. I suppose it's because they're the kind of people who have stuff to talk about. It's like if you go into a laundromat and you see an old woman sitting there watching the machine go round and round; maybe you have a conversation with her. It's more interesting than talking to someone like Barbra Streisand, because she's got everything going for her.

PLAYBOY: Who are your friends?

BOY GEORGE: Some reporter from Fleet Street said, "Oh, what a sad existence Boy George has." But it's wonderful, actually. When I'm on tour, I'm with my friends. My manager is a very good friend. Jon Moss (Culture Club's drummer) is probably my best friend. I adore the band. Another good friend called Phillip is in London. There's nothing sexual, we're just friends. He's not impressed by my success. I have a lot of friends who are girls. I love fat, bitchy, Jewish girls. I like a fat person who isn't ashamed of being fat. I'm very imperfect and I can laugh about it. I love to mix with loudmouths. I love to go off in the country and just scream at the top of my lungs and run around. I like a balance. I couldn't be with men all the time; I couldn't be with women all the time. I like men with feminine sides and women with masculine sides. I don't like silly women or big-headed men.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been swept off your feet in love?

BOY GEORGE: Yeah, but that's not real love. If it doesn't deal with the practical side of life, or *until* it deals with the practical side of life, it's not love. Loving is very selfish; you love someone because you want them to love you back. Those things build over time. I've been in love. And no, I won't go into it.

PLAYBOY: Are you jealous?

BOY GEORGE: Very. I don't believe in that stuff that you stop being jealous.

As a kid you get destroyed when you fall out of love, and that doesn't change. You might not show it as much, but it hurts the same. You hear people say, "Oh, I used to be like that." They're *still* like that. You want to slash your wrist and take an overdose, you cry a litte bit and then you live with it.

PLAYBOY: Are you looking for someone?

BOY GEORGE: We're always looking for someone, although I'm a bit busy to do anything about it now. It's no different, though. Just because I'm successful, I don't suddenly wake up thinking, God, I've got such a fab body. I might as well go and get who I can. I know I still have the same ugly body as I had 10 years ago. I'm still as ugly and problem-ridden.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about your background. Your father boxed, right?

BOY GEORGE: Yeah, he did. And no, that's not why I'm the way I am. A lot of people have said my eccentricity is a reaction to my father's overtly masculine boxing image and all that bullshit, or that I had some sort of depressed childhood. But I'm afraid it doesn't wash, because it's not true. I had quite a good and, believe it or not, normal childhood. I don't have a particularly liberal background and I wasn't raised in a hippie commune, so I don't know why I'm the way I am. My childhood was very normal. Most of it was insignificant, like building sandcastles and falling down and hurting my leg and getting up and riding bicycles. There's nothing demented about my childhood.

PLAYBOY: Did you talk with your parents about your sexuality?

BOY GEORGE: Well, my father still snickers at pornography. Men don't talk about certain things because they feel embarrassed. I remember one of my biggest rows with my father was when I was very young and brought home a porno magazine with pictures of men and women screwing, which I found in a rubbish bin. He humiliated me in front of everyone. "Don't you know what this is?" I thought, you idiot. It was only because he was really embarrassed. Even now I don't think I've ever talked to him about it.

I suppose if my parents had decided to sit me down and tell me about the birds and the bees, I would have told them to buzz off anyway. It might have been funny to get them to say "tits" or something, like getting the queen to say "arsehole".

PLAYBOY: Then how did they react to your dressing up?

BOY GEORGE: My mother thought I looked great. My father just wanted me to be happy. It's always been that way. They were far from liberal, but they understood that being happy was more important than trying to fit in. Not at first, but as we got older. When I was very young, I rebelled like other kids. They would give me, "You've got to do this," and I would always say, "Why?" Even then I approached things logically. If my mother swore and told me not to swear, I'd say, "Then don't *you* do it." She knew I was right. I never smoked, but my father hit my brother for smoking and I would say, "Why can't he smoke? You smoke." It's very funny: now, my mother says she never swore at me or threw things. I say, "You lying cow!" I mean, she threw plates and everything.

PLAYBOY: Were there difficult, painful times?

BOY GEORGE: Five minutes here or there. Once or twice a week. They're part of growing up.

PLAYBOY: But your songs — *That's The Way*, for example — include angry lyrics about struggling as a child.

BOY GEORGE: The songs are about my childhood and my friends. Teachers make you more inhibited and paranoid. Your parents don't want to listen. When I used to come home, I'd say to my mum and dad, "I did this and I did that," and they'd say, "I'm watching TV." I used to hate that. I took second place to the TV set. They ignore you and you really feel like a piece of scum.

PLAYBOY: In the song you ask for affection: "Please caress me".

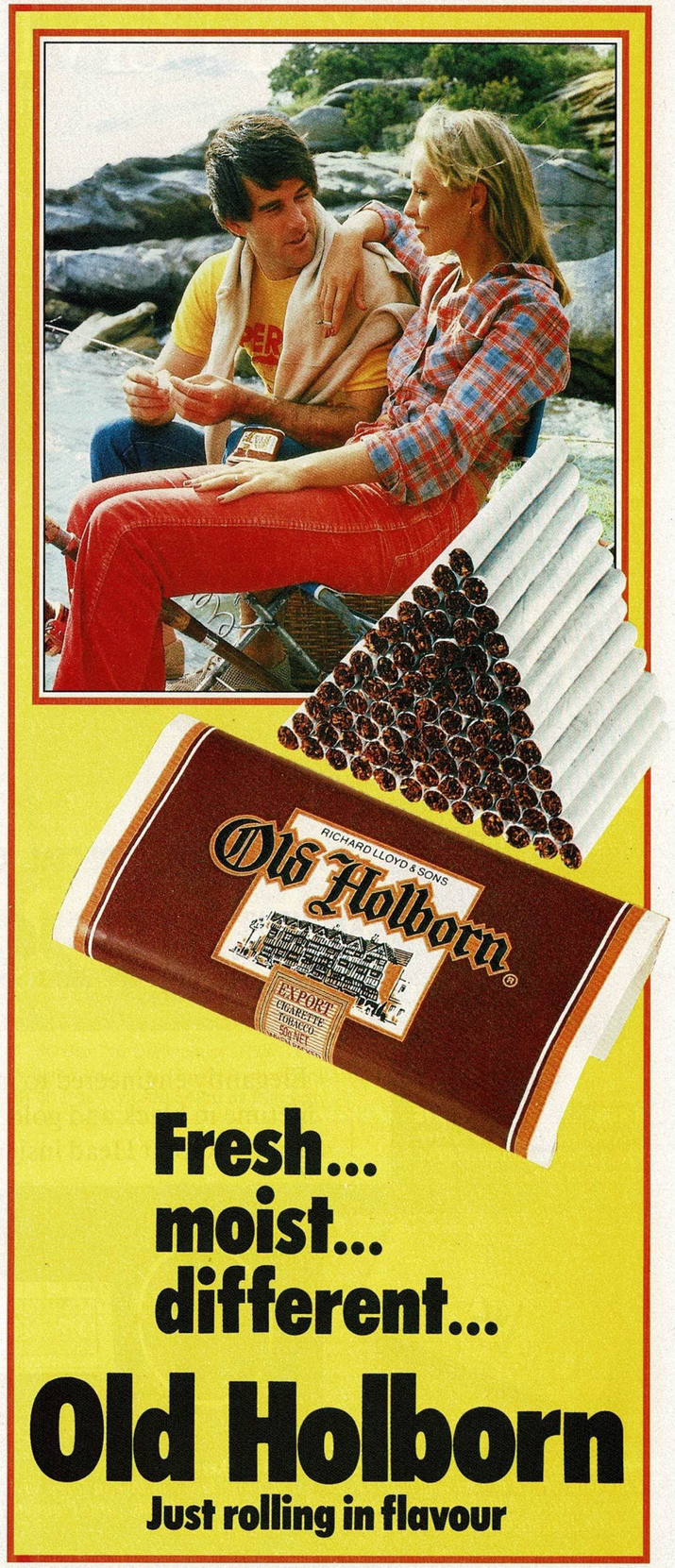
BOY GEORGE: Yeah, well, I was lonely. You don't fit in at school and you come home and you can't get anyone to understand and you think, "Like, I am *so* on my own." Sometimes I feel that now, even with all these people around. You come home and you want affection, but there's no affection.

PLAYBOY: What did your parents do for a living?

BOY GEORGE: My father built a business. My mother worked at the school. She cooked.

PLAYBOY: Were they middle class?

BOY GEORGE: We never had a sense of being in any class. To be honest, you can buy yourself into any class. I am middle class now because I have money, but that doesn't mean I want to be middle class in attitude. My father had a funny attitude toward money. He gambled a lot, he bet on racehorses. My mother would always scream about it. But when he won a lot of money, he would buy her a washing machine. He was that kind of person. When I was living in a



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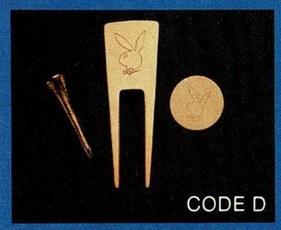

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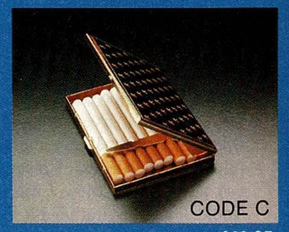

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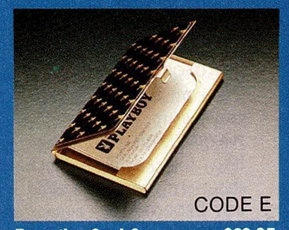

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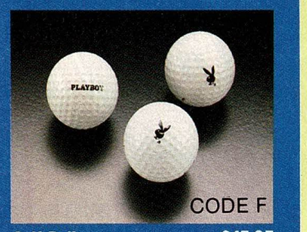

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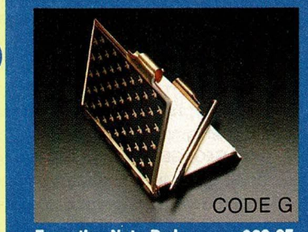

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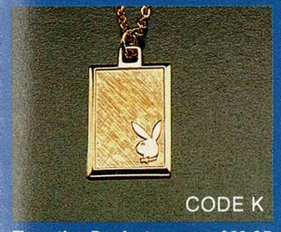

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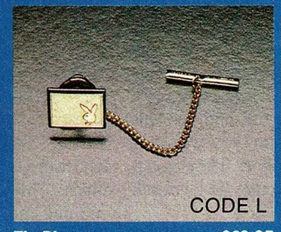

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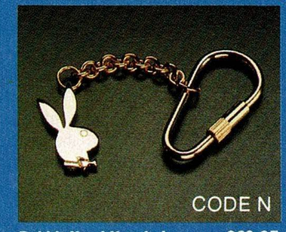

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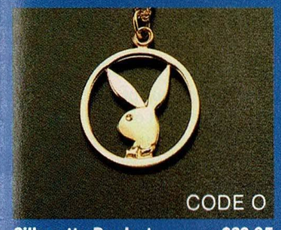

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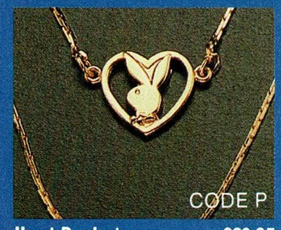

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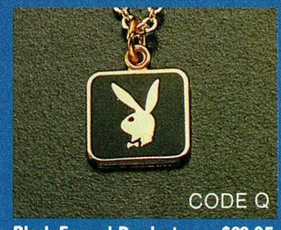

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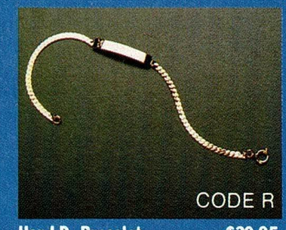

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squat later on, he would break in and fill my cupboards with food. At the same time, he always played the tough role. Now I want to buy my parents a house, because the place they are living in is not value for money from my point of view. My dad says, "What's wrong with the place where we live?" It's pride. My mother says, "If you want, you can live here. When you get hungry, you'll come."

He used to go on about being a man, and it never really washed with me. I was never convinced that is what he thought. I was convinced that he would stick by me whatever happened, and he did.

PLAYBOY: How about brothers and sisters?

BOY GEORGE: There were six of us. We're all very different. When one of my brothers got married, he had a wedding and I couldn't go because of the way I looked. It was like he was embarrassed. He and I never had a good relationship. Once he climbed into the house in the middle of the night and my mother told him that he couldn't do that anymore. He said he was leaving. She said, "Okay, leave." She wasn't going to start crying and beg him to stay; my father had threatened to leave enough times. She might have cried afterward, but she'd say, "Go to hell! You get treated well in this house. Go find somewhere better." So my brother went off to his girlfriend's house, and when they got married, they sent my mother an invitation. That broke my mother's heart. Mothers don't get invited to their children's weddings. They organise weddings. How dare he? Now, he's the only one in my family who has given photographs away to the press. I hate him. I think he's a bloody idiot. I think he's a boy disguised as a man. On the other hand, another brother is a good friend. He got married, he asked me to be an usher at his wedding and told me to wear what I liked. He's brilliant.

PLAYBOY: What caused your father to threaten to leave?

BOY GEORGE: They would have arguments like any two people. But they had their own code. He'd go away for three hours and then he would come back and it would be forgotten. My parents got the serious crap out of the way in the early years before they had us. Once they had children it was, "Okay, we're going to work and see this through." If you met them, you wouldn't know they loved each other. They're not soppy-doppy about it. But they do love each other very much.

PLAYBOY: You were beginning to talk about what it was like for you at school...

BOY GEORGE: I didn't fit in because I didn't want to fit in. I didn't particularly like bragging about who I slept with and I didn't like hitting people. I had people in school who were supposed to be "right" who were *so evil* to me. That's why I'm so careful now how I treat people, because I've been hurt so many times. You think you're missing something. You're not missing anything. I mean, everybody is going to the same party in the end, so what is the point of trying to find the right people? I didn't agree with survival of the fittest. And they try to make you into a robot. I understand it, since it is hard to teach 20 people that don't want to listen. But I'm not going to let you make me a robot. Joining was the word. That's one of the worst things about people: joining in. If there's a car accident, we all join in and watch, but nobody wants to help. If there's a fight, people line up, but no one will interfere. I never wanted to join anything. I was looking for something else. I'm very liberated. I've never been prejudiced against anyone. I couldn't care less. I take everyone as a person. At school, the "in" people tortured the "out" people. I never enjoyed calling people "fat" and "four eyes". I always thought it was rude.

PLAYBOY: Unless they did it first.

BOY GEORGE: Not even then if I knew it would really shatter somebody. I saw it all around. Teachers in school would hit kids who were fat. They would make them run miles. This big, fat guy would be dying, running and puffing and dying. He was fat for whatever reason. He ate too much or had a bladder complaint. Didn't matter; he was tortured for it. It was a way for teachers to inform us that they were the toughest. "This will happen to you if you're not careful." I hated that. These were so-called adults.

PLAYBOY: Did you complete school?

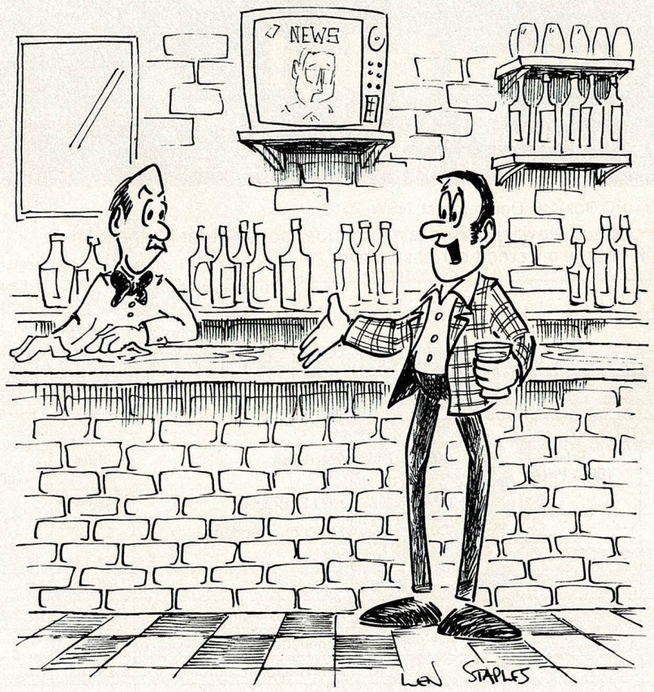
BOY GEORGE: I was kicked out of school; I asked for it. Then I moved out of suburbia, thinking that I would meet all these trendy, different, interesting, sort of crazy people. I lived in a squat and got in with these people in London's West End. I thought I would find people who were different, but they were all the same. I was looking for individuals, but I found there wasn't any such thing as a *group* of individuals. The people in the squat thought anybody who didn't dress up was an idiot. They were judging everybody else, just like the people at school who tortured fat kids. That's not individual.

PLAYBOY: Were you already dressing up?

BOY GEORGE: When I was a kid, my brother was a skinhead, dressed liked the droogies in *Clockwork Orange*. I wore whatever clothes he left around. I went through different periods: my hair was green and then orange; '50s, Teddy Boy. Then my hair was white, sticking up straight. I always outdid everyone else. When I dressed up punk, my hair was out to here [*stretching out his arms*]. We went to clubs every night. I started getting in the newspapers a lot for being dressed up. Eventually, the papers were saying, "George was out again trying to be noticed."

PLAYBOY: So you were a punk?

BOY GEORGE: It wasn't called punk, it was just people dressing up. The idea was to be individual and have fun. Suddenly, Malcolm McLaren labelled the thing punk and it became a movement. Before that, nobody really knew why we dressed up. As soon as someone put a label on it, the violence started. I was always a bit too extreme for punk anyway, and once it had a name, it became a phenomenon, so it



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attracted more people. It was natural that people who were really individual would go even more over the top. Instead of just having spiked hair, you'd have hats and platform shoes, loads of make-up, wigs, plaited hair... My hair was enormous spikes. I would wear clown outfits with huge spotted ties. Checkered trousers. Nothing matched. I started to wear a sort of Marlene Dietrich look and a veil. I started getting really well known just because I dressed better than anyone else and my mouth was bigger than anyone else's. The punks were spitting at me, like, "You poof!" But the idea of punk rock was meant to be individual. All these arseholes joined in the violence. There I was in my rolled-up Ali Baba slippers. The people who were hitting you were just so freaked out by the way you looked; it was fear of the unknown. It was supposed to be anti-violence, but it had come full circle. It was an acceptable excuse for beer boys — beer boys are like thugs — to dye their hair bright colors. There's nothing individual about beating people up.

PLAYBOY: What about the punk rock music scene that was merging into the mainstream?

BOY GEORGE: Some rebels. These bands were supposed to be different, but it's just like the miners in England, the whole miners' strike. In the middle of it, there was this big deal about this miner who won the pools. His response was, like, "I'm all right, Jack," and he bought himself a Rolls-Royce and said, "I'll never go back to work." A week before he was talking about solidarity and the class struggle. Same with the punk groups as soon as they got a hit.

The groups were supposed to be anti-star, but they became the stars. You'd go up to Johnny Rotten in a club and think it might be interesting to talk to him, and you'd be lucky if he spat in your face. The music wasn't the point, anyway. The only reason I had been going to punk gigs was because everyone else used to go and it was a place to get dressed up. Then we started going to gay clubs. Everybody did: Johnny Rotten, Siouxsie and the Banshees, Billy Idol. These clubs were a lot more decadent; sort of Berlin. One of my good friends was Marilyn. He dressed up exactly like Marilyn Monroe. He was a 14-year-old boy who spent two years locked in his bedroom with blankets over the windows and suddenly emerged as a woman; he really thought he was a woman. Marilyn was a bad influence on me in that period. I started to wear skirts and to do my eyebrows like Jayne Mansfield. To make a long story short, my friends Phillip and Marilyn and I became sort of the king and queens of the clubs and parties. We were outrageous for the sake of being outrageous. There was nothing else to do.

PLAYBOY: When did you start singing?

BOY GEORGE: I would sing once in a while and thought about getting a band together. I saw Malcolm McLaren at a club and asked him if I could sing with Bow Wow Wow. He changed my name to Lieutenant Lush and I sang with them for three months. After that, Mikey (Craig, Culture Club's bass player) came up to me one day and asked me if I wanted to form a group. I met Jon and Roy and we made a tape and Jon took it around and he got our manager. Whatever you read, Culture Club is very much a four-piece thing. I'm not just saying that for public relations. I'd probably be singing cabaret in some dive. They're brilliant; it just clicked.

PLAYBOY: What happened next?

BOY GEORGE: We took it very seriously. We had a lot of rules: no drinking, no drugs, no women, no parties after the show. We're still strict, but it never comes up anymore. We don't have groupies around; we don't sleep with fans. We have a good road crew. They get pissed and fall over, but they don't smash up their hotel room, because they have to pay for it if they do.

PLAYBOY: You would never sleep with a fan?

BOY GEORGE: It is like forcing somebody to have sex with you when they don't want to; it's the most repulsive thing in the world. Also, I'm no fool. They would not be having sex with me, but with my veneer, and I don't want that, thank you very much. Anyway, we signed with Virgin Records and began to unleash ourselves on the world.

PLAYBOY: Where did you come up with Culture Club as a name?

BOY GEORGE: The Beatles admitted they could have been The Shoes or anything else, but I wanted us to be something that *meant* something. It was like bringing in all these cultures together in one; these clashing cultures. Mikey is black, Jon is Jewish, Roy is as white as you get. On the album, we had all the symbols of different cultures mixed together. It's accepting and learning from other cultures and respecting your own. Culture Club became a phenomenon: people know who I am in Australia, Egypt, Canada, America, Africa, Jamaica, even Russia. I'm banned in Russia and Singapore. When I got expelled from school, I never thought I'd be banned from Russia. Pretty good!

PLAYBOY: Why do you call yourself Boy George?

BOY GEORGE: A lot of Rasta people call themselves King Freddie and Pappa George. "Boy" was like a white version of that. I was from the white scene so I started calling myself Boy George.

PLAYBOY: And your success happened virtually overnight.

BOY GEORGE: Yes, but I wasn't laughing at the glory of it. I was thinking: this is it, we'll never have another hit. I was furious with the idea that I was just a novelty. People said bitchy things and I would say, "You don't understand at all. You think I'm just an idiot."

PLAYBOY: And you set out to prove them wrong.

BOY GEORGE: [*smiling*] Revenge is wonderful.

PLAYBOY: What singers and songwriters do you admire?

BOY GEORGE: Stevie Wonder is the one I actually think is the most brilliant of all. If Stevie Wonder would record *Mr Man* I would have an orgasm. I would love him to

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do that, so tell him.

PLAYBOY: Right. Who else?

BOY GEORGE: Different people during different periods. Elvis Presley, of course. Jon, our drummer, turned me on to a lot of music from the '60s like Crosby, Stills And Nash, The Moody Blues and Dylan. Joni Mitchell is wonderful. *Court And Spark* is my favorite album forever.

PLAYBOY: In the middle of your live performances, you sing a line from Mitchell's *Woodstock*.

BOY GEORGE: It's gorgeous. So idealistic.

PLAYBOY: Your first hit was *Do You Really Want To Hurt Me?* Apparently, you were incensed that some people thought the song was about S and M.

BOY GEORGE: *Do You Really Want To Hurt Me?* is an optimistic song about a relationship. Some people are very stupid. There's nothing we can do about it, unfortunately.

PLAYBOY: Your biggest hit was *Karma Chameleon* from your second album. What's a karma chameleon?

BOY GEORGE: First, I believe totally in karma. I think every time you kick your toe, it's because you did something. You get paid back. I had some really bad love affairs, and maybe that's because I did some horrible things as a child. The song is about somebody who is friendly with you because of what you are or what you represent. Like a chameleon, they'll change depending on the wind, or who is in, or who has the power or the money. The idea of a karma chameleon is that the important thing is to be true to yourself and true to those you love.

PLAYBOY: Were you doing that with *War Song*? It didn't do as well commercially and many people found it preachy.

BOY GEORGE: I think it's important to say some things because you believe in them. People warned me not to say the things in *War Song*. They said, "You can't say 'People are stupid,'" but of course we are, so of course I should say it.

PLAYBOY: You've criticised The Clash and other overtly political bands for haranguing people. How are your message songs different?

BOY GEORGE: The Clash is like [*yawning*]. It's shouting at people. Who wants to listen? Communicating with people is how they change. *War Song* is like a chant, it's a dance. And who would argue that war is stupid? Maybe people aren't ready to admit that the only reason there is war is because *we* are stupid.

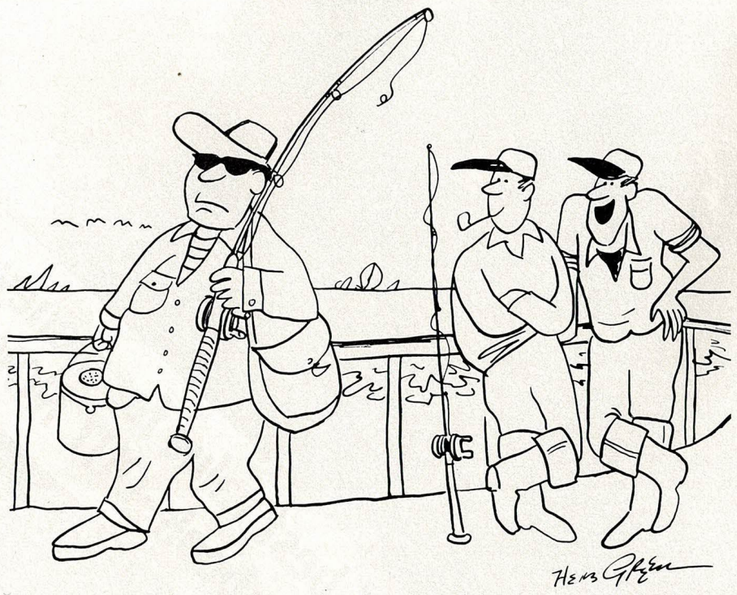
PLAYBOY: Let's talk about some of the other bands. What do you think of Duran Duran?

BOY GEORGE: They are a really good band, but I don't like them as a social comment. I think they sell status. They are saying, "We've made a lot of money". My brother and sister cannot afford to wear the suits that Duran Duran wear. They cannot afford to drop their yacht's anchor and lie on the beach like the Duran Duran boys do in their videos. I try hard to make what we do accessible. Kids can look like me very easily. I try not to be seen in mink coats.

PLAYBOY: How about the Eurythmics?

BOY GEORGE: They're a great band, too, but I don't know what will happen to them. Annie Lennox has joined the Hare Krishna. She's married to a Hare Krishna guy. They go after famous people.

PLAYBOY: Any chance you'll go that way?



"He's never caught nothin', unless you count what that waitress down at the pier gave him!"

BOY GEORGE: They don't allow bisexuals in Hare Krishna. I'd have to form the Merry Krishnas.

PLAYBOY: Looking back, The Beatles and The Rolling Stones?

BOY GEORGE: They're a little before me, although I think The Beatles were brilliant and I love The Rolling Stones.

PLAYBOY: Mick Jagger said he liked your dresses, but called you the worst dancer in the world.

BOY GEORGE: The reason I am such a terrible dancer is I won't take dancing lessons. I really should, but I think it would kill my act. And I say to Mick Jagger, "I love your trousers, but I don't think you should store your vegetables inside them." [*laughter*] I still quite like The Rolling Stones anyway.

PLAYBOY: Frankie Goes To Hollywood? Some have said they have replaced Culture Club as the hot new band.

BOY GEORGE: A lot of clever managers are trying to say that Frankie Goes To Hollywood is The Rolling Stones and we're The Beatles, which is very clever, but ridiculous.

PLAYBOY: Which Beatle does that make you?

BOY GEORGE: I'm Paul McCartney. Holly Johnson of Frankie Goes To Hollywood is Mick Jagger. But no one even knows if the people in the band play on the record; there's a lot of talk that they don't. There is nothing truly unique and original about them. They'll have a huge record, but they'll peter out.

PLAYBOY: How about The Police?

BOY GEORGE: I have no opinion on The Police, really. They are very good for what they do. I don't understand Sting. He says he doesn't want to be a sex symbol and then he appears in a loincloth covered in oil. You have to compliment them on their sound.

PLAYBOY: Do you read much?

BOY GEORGE: I have never read any books other than the biography of Tallulah Bankhead, but I have quite a literary mind and I'm quite well informed.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any idols?

BOY GEORGE: Montgomery Clift. *Mmmmm.* And Elizabeth Taylor.

PLAYBOY: Why Clift and Taylor?

BOY GEORGE: Him, because he is really tragic; not just his looks. He was never allowed to be what he was. He was a tortured person, epitomising the word tragedy. And gorgeous. She is the opposite. She ruled everything. She reminds me of me. [*giggling*] You have a prize and part of you wants to smash it. She's got that kind of look that she can get anything off you. [*haughtily*] "Give it to me. I want it. It's mine." She reminds me of me.

PLAYBOY: You're convinced Boy George and Culture Club will be around for a while. What will you do to make that happen?

BOY GEORGE: I put everything into Culture Club. My attitude is that if you have a business and you work until six o'clock and then you get drunk and your business doesn't do well, that's your tough shit. If you work 24 hours a day, your business will be successful. Culture Club can never fail to be exciting in one way or another. Each member of the group contributes something very unique. We are never short of new ideas.

PLAYBOY: And the future? Do you look down the road?

BOY GEORGE: I don't want to be like Mick Jagger, but if I were honest, I'd have to admit I want to stay on top like Mick Jagger has. It's really quite nice, you know. I wouldn't mind making records at 80. It's not just a selfish sort of thing, either. I believe that at the end of it all, it is important to have made some mark on history. I don't want to be just a fly-by-night. Having said that, I'd like to keep doing it as long as it's exciting. Sometimes I think, six more months at the most. Who knows? But I'm *such* a good pop star! Do you want to know why?

PLAYBOY: Yes.

BOY GEORGE: Because I love everything about it. I love the fans, the attention, the presents, the money. I love the idea of being able to buy my dad a new car. I have no guilt complex about the money. Nobody just gave it to me. I've earned it. I'm not buying a Rolls-Royce with it, although I could. That still wouldn't make me obnoxious; I'd just drive it better than everybody else.

PLAYBOY: Were will you go from here?

BOY GEORGE: I could go to the Vatican, I suppose. Or maybe I could move into Buckingham Palace. [*laughing*] And I don't mean as the Queen. It's all a new adventure. Who knows? For someone schoolteachers used to ignore, I suppose it's a thrill just having people listen.

PLAYBOY: And you'll win over the haters and the mockers?

BOY GEORGE: It's hard, but you can win people over. When I was in Egypt, half the American Air Force was staying at our hotel. There was a crowd of GIs and this one guy, a real meathead, called me a faggot. I should have kept my mouth shut, but I said, "Why don't you bugger off?" He said, "Well, now. What are you going to do about it?" I said, "Oh, you're so tough, aren't you? What a man you are." I carried on drinking my tea, wondering when he was going to come over and thump me. I was thinking, he's not going to let me have the last word here, he's not going to let me get away with that. I mean, he was one of those guys with a green neck because it had been shaved so much. So he went up to the bar and was snickering it up with these other weedy-looking creatures, making comments about me. In the group there was one black guy and I turned to him and said, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself." He asked me what I was talking about and I said, "You're a minority. How dare you sit there snickering while someone takes a slap at me." He said that the guy was his friend and I said, "If you're a friend to him you ought to teach him some manners, because that's what friends are for." Then I sort of walked off, thinking, "They're going to *kill* me."

PLAYBOY: What happened?

BOY GEORGE: The next day, I saw them again and this time they were charming to me. I sat with them and we talked and I learned about them and they learned about me. I could not believe I'd met somebody so interesting. And of course that's what you find. I mean, after that I went out for a photo session wearing on my head a plastic dustbin wrapped in cloth as a sort of headdress, and very Egyptian make-up — this yellow and gold face and all this outrageous jewellery — and we were going to go out on a camel. Well, these same guys who were harassing me came running up out of breath taking pictures, saying I looked brilliant. People will understand if you take the time to explain.

You can confront the world with eccentricity if you give people the respect of offering an explanation. That's why I talk about this, rather than just tell the world to accept me or piss off.

So that's what it takes if you're threatened. Look at me, I'm not a threat to anybody. I'm not against anybody. I'm for everybody. I would never go to a march for hippies or blacks or gays or straights, but I would go on a march for human beings. People seem to be sensing something going on: I drive along and construction workers give me their hats to sign. Blacks give me the "okay" sign. People come around if you treat them with dignity. That's a big word for me.

PLAYBOY: What do you think lies ahead on the sexual frontier? Jan Morris, the noted author who is, herself, a trans-sexual, said in an essay discussing your sexuality that the future of sexuality is bisexuality. Do you agree with her?

BOY GEORGE: It's all rubbish. The sad thing about being a public figure is that people use you like a flag to portray their own confusion. I don't want people to intellectualise about something that is very basic.

You're hearing this from the horse's mouth: I don't believe people will stop getting married in 1990. I think love will never change. There is a set of morals that always come back. Those people who were the freaks in the '60s are running the corporations of America.

The moral values I adhere to are very simple. All I want to be able to say in 30 years is that I never compromised. All I can say is that I hope to be a good person.

To everyone: what you have seen on TV is me. What you hear on the radio or read in this interview is me. People can think what they like about the things I do and the things I say and the way I look. This [*bowing*] is me.

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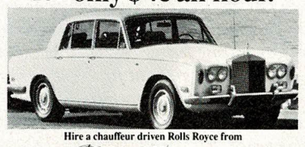

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SEX

Bettina Arndt, Australia's leading sexologist, brings you the latest sex news and views.

My wife and I have been married for almost nine years and have had a good sexual relationship. However over the past year or so I have had fantasies about trying it in different positions and places. One could almost describe our relationship as "square" — you know, always in the bed, always with the light off, always the same foreplay and always the same position. Very occasionally there is oral sex. I know my wife doesn't like "doggy fashion" or getting on to me because she resists my persuasions. I feel sure sometimes she would perhaps like a little excitement in our sex life too.

We don't have communication trouble but somehow we never discuss sex. I think I am mostly to blame as when we have foreplay, I fantasise about other things and usually chicken out myself and end up with the "square" intercourse. Her body and mood are so fantastic that my fantasising often ends up in premature ejaculation, which surely wouldn't hold much hope for me if our foreplay was to change into exciting positions and places.

Sometimes I have tried to subtly talk about this to her but I get the feeling she thinks I have been reading pornographic books. Blue movies don't seem to work either! Could you please advise me how I can experience some more excitement when having sex.

— P. McK, NSW.

You are probably right in thinking your wife would also enjoy something a little different. A recent survey conducted by *Cleo* magazine found 63 percent of the women claim to enjoy sexual experimentation and 43 percent of the married women wish their partners were more adventurous. So perhaps while you lie there wishing you could try something new, your wife is wanting exactly the same thing.

You say you do not have trouble communicating. This may well be true in other aspects of your relationship, but like many other couples, you just find it hard to break through the barriers preventing you talking about sex.

Actually what you need is to start talking *during* sex. I don't mean conducting lengthy conversations, but simply doing a little checking out about what you are both enjoying and what else you can do to increase your mutual pleasure. The funny thing about sex positions is many couples seem to regard intercourse positions as mechanical puzzles. You decide on a certain pattern, work it all out, lock yourself in position and there you stay until the bitter end. Yet when you learn to take a more relaxed approach, you find that while making love you flow from one position to another. You move your knee a little in one direction, and find yourself tipping over to one side, she shifts her weight, wraps her legs around your waist and, hey presto, you're in a different position and exploring quite different sensations. Intercourse positions should be used simply to enhance and explore different types of arousal, but you can only do this if you are both aware of what each other is feeling.

Next time you're making love, talk to her about how she is reacting to what you're doing. Say: "Does it feel nice when I move

like this?"; "Is it better when I move more slowly or thrust more deeply?" When she moves in a way that feels nice, say so: "I love it when you rock your pelvis like that." Tell her what you are feeling: "When your legs are between mine I can feel your pelvis pressing against mine and it feels wonderful."

Once you learn to be more aware of each other's reactions, it won't be necessary to verbalise all these things; you will learn to know the signs. But the aim now is to open up communication about all the subtle sensations that contribute to arousal.

Once you are talking in this way, it will be an easy matter to slip from one position to another.

If the position you normally use is a man-on-top position, you can achieve endless variations simply by shifting your wife's legs from between yours to outside your own with knees bent, then her knees raised up and her legs wrapped around your waist, or even her legs over your shoulders. You can show her what you like by guiding her into these different variations, talking to her about how they feel, asking her what she is enjoying.

Once you have established this type of communication you will be able to also work on controlling ejaculation. You may find that if you experiment you can gain control by simply not moving for a few seconds, contracting your pelvic muscles, or apply the techniques I described in my August '84 column. You should also use self-stimulation as a means of learning ejaculation control, practising bringing yourself to the point just before ejaculation and then stopping.

Whilst you are learning you are sure to find you blow it occasionally. Don't worry, relax, take time to please and fondle your wife and I'm sure you'll find yourself becoming aroused again. And most men last longer the second time around.

I am 16 years old and recently lost my virginity to my best friend's girlfriend. I feel like a prick whenever I am around him and she is there.

I hope you can understand my problem. I don't know if I should tell him and break up his relationship with her or keep it and let it rip me open. Please help.

— W.K., SA.

Going off with your best friend's girlfriend was a pretty silly thing to do. Don't make matters worse by telling the poor guy what has happened. So often people confess sins to other people simply to appease their own guilt. If you really feel sorry for what has happened, keep it to yourself instead of making someone else miserable as well. It's doubtful if the guilt will rip you open and a few pinpricks on your conscience may stop you doing such a silly thing again. Friendships are important, nurture them.

Can you help me? I am a young man with quite an embarrassing problem. When I was going through my adolescence, my nipples enlarged and swelled. I had read that this wasn't an isolated problem among young men, in fact it was quite common, and that it could only be temporary.

I am now 22 and the problem remains. I enjoy the beach and other sports, but I find myself acutely embarrassed at having to remove my shirt. I can't even wear T-shirts now, in case I might be noticed (it is quite prominent). I find that if I squeeze my nipples,

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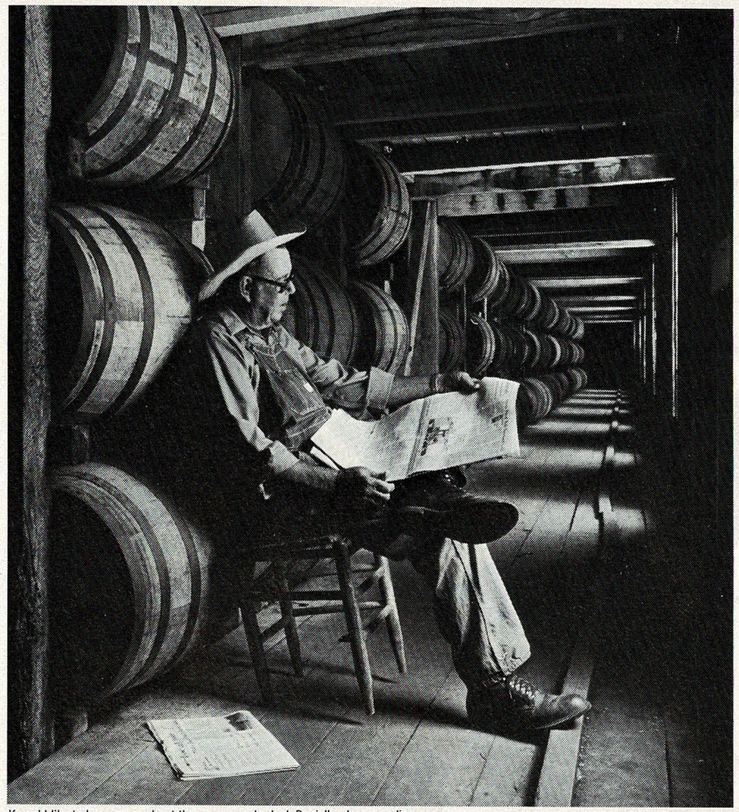

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enjoyed that anyway. Instead, think of it as a gently arousing dance together, taking it in turns to take the lead, exploring different rhythms and sensations. Sound nice? It is, believe us!

Such ideas may open new horizons for all those men who, like you, are suffering the distress of impotence. It need not be the end of the world, but the entry into a new and perhaps even better one.

We have been married for one year, and have a problem. My wife cannot have an orgasm. We have talked about it and the things that turn her on.

I have bought sex aids, books and blue movies, all of which turn her on fully, but still no orgasm. She enjoys sex and wants an orgasm since her only one occurred the first time she had sex, at 14.

She is now 21 and has had a few other blokes before me, but still couldn't climax with them. We were wondering if you could help us or give us some suggestions on what we could do about it. We are eager to try new things.

— B.W., Vic.

Your wife is unfortunately typical of a large group of young women who missed out on important sexual learning experiences during adolescence. She has apparently never learned to bring herself to orgasm and this now makes it very difficult for her to know what sort of stimulation she needs in order to become aroused.

Research has shown that girls who learn to climax as part of normal sexual development are less likely to experience difficulty in their adult sexual relationships. Girls may be nervous of exploring their bodies for fear of harming themselves or ruining their "virginity". When young, their sexuality appears more easily inhibited than males. Perhaps girls are more easily discouraged from exploring their bodies.

The result is that, like your wife, they commence sexual relationships without ever having learnt how to become aroused. If they are lucky and feel relaxed with a sensitive lover, they then learn to let go with their partners. But often young women quickly become anxious about *not* having orgasms and then that anxiety and tension stop them becoming aroused. Instead of allowing sensations to build up, they lie there worrying "Why can't I feel anything? What's wrong with me? Will he think I'm frigid?"

What your wife must learn *by herself* is what she needs to become aroused. She must set herself a program for learning about her arousal: reading books which teach her about her body and about the techniques other women use to stimulate themselves; and reading sexy novels to help her get into the mood.

This all will probably be a slow process and it is up to you to encourage her without adding to the pressure she already feels. What is important is *not* that she has to have orgasms, but rather that she learns to tune

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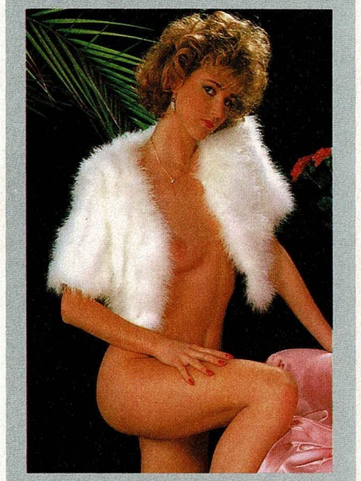

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in on what's happening to her body and gradually increases her enjoyment. There are no instant solutions; blue movies are unlikely to do anything at this stage except increase the pressure she already feels.

I am 16 years old and recently lost my virginity to my best friend's girlfriend. I feel like a prick whenever I am around him and she is there.

I hope you can understand my problem. I don't know if I should tell him and break up his relationship with her or keep it and let it rip me open.

Please help.

— W.K., SA.

Going off with your best friend's girlfriend was a pretty silly thing to do. Don't make matters worse by telling the poor guy what has happened. So often people confess sins to other people simply to appease their own guilt. If you really feel sorry for what has happened, keep it to yourself instead of making someone else miserable as well. It's doubtful if the guilt will rip you open and a few pinpricks on your conscience may stop you doing such a silly thing again. Friendships are important, nurture them.

BUILT-IN STRESS GAUGE

Helen Kaplan, a well-known American sex therapist, tells the story of a man who came to see her complaining of his lack of sexual response. It turned out he was in the middle of a marital crisis, his son had been arrested for drug abuse, his business partner had embezzled his wife's savings, and he was being pursued by the government for tax evasion. Would *you* feel sexy?

It's amazing how often men (and women) fail to realise that stress can inhibit our sexuality. What happens is that emotional stress triggers a protective reflex in the body, a "fight-or-flight" reflex that directs blood away from the central portion, including the genitals, to the muscles in the arms and legs and to our brain. It's a natural response to fear or tension designed to prepare us to take action. The result is that if males are under stress, this reflex may rob them of vital blood needed for an erection to occur.

Stress also causes the body to release adrenalin, which constricts the arteries that must expand for erection to occur. Thirdly, stress depresses the level of testosterone in the blood, the male hormone essential for normal male functioning.

So, if males are under stress, it isn't surprising to find they develop temporary impotence problems.

The effect of stress on female sexual functioning may be more subtle. It is more likely the woman would experience loss of libido rather than a specific change in her sexual response.

This all makes it very important for males to learn to recognise when they are under stress and how it affects them.

If you realise why you are having trouble gaining erections you are far less likely to panic and talk yourself into a real impotence problem. What you must do is try to reduce the stress, or simply wait until life calms down a little.

Psychiatrist Dr Thomas H. Holmes and co-workers at the University of Washington School of Medicine have produced what they called the Life Events Stress Scale, which gives an indication of the emotional costs of normal life events. The psychiatrists suggest that an accumulation of 200 points in one year makes a person vulnerable to stress-related illnesses as well as problems such as impotence.

Take a look at some of the examples (with their point evaluation) and see if you can work out the stresses that could affect your sex life: death of spouse (100); divorce (73); marital separation (65); jail term (63); death in family (63); serious injury or illness (53); marriage (50); fired from work (47); marital reconciliation (45); retirement (45); illness in family (44); pregnancy (40); sex problem (39); new child (39); business reversal (39); change in financial status (38); friend's death (37); job change (36); increased fighting with spouse (35); mortgage (31); foreclosure of mortgage or loan (30); change in responsibilities at work (29); child leaves home (29); in-law problems (29); big personal success (28); wife begins or stops work (26); begin or end school (26); change in living conditions (25); change of address (20); change school (20); change in leisure habits (19); change in religious observance (19); change in social life (18); loan less than $10,000 (17); change in sleep habits (16); change in number of family functions (15); change in diet (15); vacation (13); Christmas (12); and minor legal problems (11).

You will have to work out point values for common life events such as rent increases, major car repairs, rush-hour commuting, or discovery of a lover's infidelity. And don't forget that good news and good times can be just as stressful as some of the unpleasant aspects of our lives. Christmas is a classic example of a good time which carries its own stresses and strains (telling Uncle Harry you loved his awful present, making sure your children don't upset their grandparents).

So if you notice your sexual response is tending toward less ups and more downs, have a good look at your life. Perhaps your body is sending out warning signals that you need to calm down and take things a little easier.

See, there's another use for that magical penis — a built-in stress gauge. Amazingly clever device, isn't it?

Please address your letters requesting advice or giving accounts of sexual experiences to: Sex Adviser, c/- Australian PLAYBOY, P.O. Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. We welcome inquiries but regret we can't reply to each reader individually.

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